



No. 80

SANDMAN
by SIMON & KIRBY



60

NOV.

Adventure COMICS

10¢



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Would you like to have your own book reviews printed on this page?

Here is a list of books *Miss Irene Smith, Superintendent of Work With Children, Brooklyn Public Library* tells us are favorites with the boys and girls at her library. She is sure you will enjoy them, too. Ask your librarian for them and send us your review of one of these books—a review you have written yourself—and if it is selected to be printed on this page, we will send you five dollars for it. You may send reviews of several books if you like. But send them soon.

Address them to me at DC Comics Publications, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City—and be sure to write your name and address plainly.

JOSETTE FRANK

Here is the list:

SALUTE. By C. W. Anderson.
GOVERNMENT HUNTER. By M. M. Atwater.
HIDE-RACK KIDNAPPED. By Glen Balch.
MISTER OLE. By Richard Bennett.
CHILDREN OF THE SEA. By W. S. Bronsen.
AUGUSTUS GOES SOUTH. By LeGrand.
WHITE REINDEER. By Neill James.
LASSIE COME-HOME. By Eric Knight.
MEETINGHOUSE BAY. By H. W. Patterson.

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*-IF YOU HAVE YOU CAN READ THIS MESSAGE IN
"THE SPECTRE" CODE*

ΣΗΒΛ ΕΦΑ ΠΡΟΤΑΚ ΖΕΛ ΠΑΤΟΦΩ
ΠΑΔΦΟΙΛ ΣΦΙΟΛΦΕ ΦΜ ΗΤΛΩΟΙΗ

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

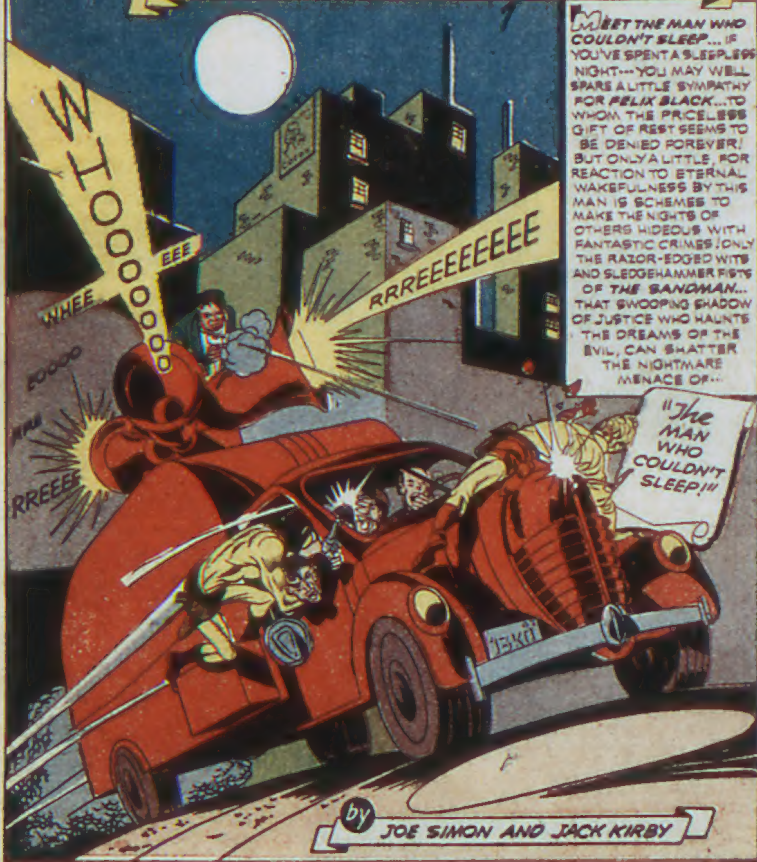
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XYWJSLYM, HTZWFLJ FSI OZXYNHJ BNQQ
XJJ ZX YMWTLZM!

SANDMAN

and SANDY...The Golden BOY

MEET THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SLEEP... IF YOU'VE SPENT A SLEEPLESS NIGHT... YOU MAY WELL SPARE A LITTLE SYMPATHY FOR FELIX BLACK... TO WHOM THE PRICELESS GIFT OF REST SEEMS TO BE DENIED FOREVER! BUT ONLY A LITTLE, FOR REACTION TO ETERNAL WAKEFULNESS BY THIS MAN IS SCHEMES TO MAKE THE NIGHTS OF OTHERS HIDEOUS WITH FANTASTIC CRIMES! ONLY THE RAZOR-EDGED WITS AND SLEDGEHAMMER FISTS OF THE SANDMAN... THAT SWOOPING SHADOW OF JUSTICE WHO HAUNTS THE DREAMS OF THE EVIL, CAN SHATTER THE NIGHTMARE MENACE OF...



by

JOE SIMON AND JACK KIRBY

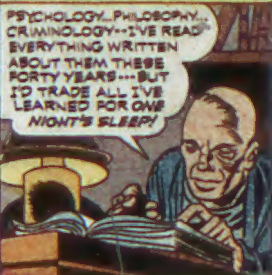
WHO IS THIS MAN WHO GAZES
WITH HATRED AT THE MOON
FROM HIS MARBLE BALCONY?



WHO PACES TAPESTRY-HUNG
CORRIDORS THROUGH THE SLOW,
SMALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT?



WHO PORES THROUGH ENDLESS
VOLUMES OF LEARNING AS GRAY
DAWN STREAKS THE EAST!...



...AND GIVES WAY FINALLY
TO AN OVERFLOW OF
BITTER ANGER!



LATER... IN THE SCULLERY--



YES...IT'S
TRUE!! FELIX
BLACK IS ONE
OF THOSE
RARE CASES
KNOWN TO
MEDICAL
SCIENCE
OF A
MAN WHO
CANNOT
SLEEP...
WHO CAN
NEVER
RELAX...YET
WHO
SOMEHOW
GOES ON
LIVING...
GETTING
MORE TENSE
EVERY DAY!

WHY SHOULD I
SIT ALONE WITH MY
THOUGHTS WHILE
OTHER PEOPLE SLEEP?
WHY SHOULDN'T I
BE ACTIVE BY
NIGHT AS WELL
AS DAY?...



...IN SOME ACTIVITY THAT
LENDS ITSELF TO DARKNESS
AND LONELINESS...SUCH
AS CRIME!



SOME NIGHTS LATER, IN THE DARKNESS OF
A LONG DISUSED CARRIAGE HOUSE---

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
WE STRIKE BY NIGHT...
WHEN FOOLISH MEN ARE
SLEEPING! AS AN EXPERT
IN CRIMINOLOGY...I PLAN
ALL THE JOBS!!

WE AIN'T
DIMWITS...
WE FOLLA
YA!

ALL RIGHT--HERE'S
OUR FIRST ROBBERY...
THE HACKLE JEWELRY
COMPANY!

WE HIT IT
AT MIDNIGHT,
HUH?

YOU SURE
GOT IT
LAID OUT
PRETTY!

MEANWHILE,
IN
ANOTHER
SECTION
OF THE
CITY, WES
DODDS,
WEALTHY
MAN-
ABOUT-
TOWN,
PAYS A
VISIT
TO A
STRUGGLING
FRIEND!

GOLLY...
A REAL
DETECTIVE!

WELL, WE'RE TRYING
TO BE--ALTHOUGH
HE HADN'T FOUND
A CLIENT WHEN
I SAW HIM
LAST WEEK!

THE "WE NEVER
SLEEP" DETECTIVE
AGENCY DOESN'T
LIVE UP TO
ITS NAME!

HUH? WHA--?
OH... WES DODDS
AND SANDY HAWKINS!

AMAZING
DEDUCTION,
MY DEAR
WATSON!

SINCE I SAW YOU
LAST, I'VE GOT MY
FIRST CLIENT...THE
HACKLE JEWELRY
COMPANY! I'M
SUPPOSED TO BE
PROTECTING IT!

IS THIS
HOW YOU
DO IT!

IT'S A SNAP!
EVERY TIME I WAKE
UP, I LOOK OUT THE
WINDOW AND MAKE SURE
EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT!

BETTER NOT
LET MISTER
HACKLE
CATCH YOU
BETWEEN
LOOKS!

LATER...

THE "WE NEVER
SLEEP" AGENCY...
WHAT A LAUGH! AS
IF THERE WAS ANYONE
WHO COULD DO WITH-
OUT SLEEP!



MIDNIGHT...AND TWO MEN FIDGET
RESTLESSLY IN A SMALL TRUCK
PARKED IN THE SHADOWS---

THIS NOISE-MAKIN'
STUNT IS DIZZY,
B'YA ASK ME,
OW!!

WHO'S ASKIN'
YA, SMOKEY?
LONG AS WE
MAKE DOUGH,
WADD A WE
CARE HOW DIZZY
TH' BOSS IS!

WHILE
TWO
OTHERS
FORCE
AN
ENTRANCE
INTO A
JEWELRY
STORE!

THE ALARM WIRE'S CUT--
SPECIAL TOOLS TO OPEN TH'
DOOR AND TH' SAFE--CHIEF,
YA OUGHTA BE A MILLION-
AIRE IN TIME!

MONEY...
BAH! YOU
AND THE OTHERS
CAN HAVE IT,
CRICKET!

ALL I WANT IS
EXCITEMENT--AND
THE SATISFACTION
OF SPOILING
PEOPLE'S SLEEP!

MINUTES
LATER...

BAM!

HA! HA!
THAT'LL BE
HEARD FOR
MILES!!

AS THE
ROLLING
ECHO
OF THE
BLAST
DIES AWAY,
A
THUNDEROUS
VOICE
CRASHES
FROM A
POWERFUL
LOUD-
SPEAKER...

SLEEPERS...BEWARE! THE MAN WHO
NEVER SLEEPS IS ABOARD!!

WHILE IN THE "WE NEVER SLEEP"
DETECTIVE AGENCY...

AN EXPLOSION! AND A VOICE
TALKING RIGHT TO ME! I
HOPE I'M DREAMING--
BUT I'M AFRAID
I'M NOT!

SO IT IS THAT WE'
DODDS RECEIVES A
SADDER AND WISER
VISITOR NEXT DAY!

MY FIRST AND
ONLY CLIENT--
AND I FELL
DOWN ON
THE JOB!

CHEER UP!
NOW'S YOUR
CHANCE TO
DO SOME REAL
DETECTIVE
WORK!

BUT I HAVEN'T
A SINGLE CLUE
TO WORK ON!

WHO KNOWS!
MAYBE YOU
WILL FIND
SOMEONE
TO HELP
YOU!

HOWEVER, THERE IS NO
BADNESS THIS DAY IN
THE PALATIAL HOME OF
FELIX BLACK...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT
TO MAKE OF IT! THE
MASTER IS POSITIVELY
JOVIAL THIS MORNING!

THE POOR
MAN MUST
BE LOSING
HIS MIND!

NO! NO! NO! HA-NA-HA!!
I NEVER KNEW IT COULD BE
SO MUCH FUN TO STAY AWAKE!
NOBODY IN TOWN WILL DARE
SLEEP WHEN I'VE DONE THIS
A FEW MORE TIMES!

"MORNING POST"
ARMY AND NAVY
SLIPPER SPREADS
TERROR IN CITY

JEWELRY STORE
LOOTED

LATER...

TONIGHT WE RAID THE
TENTH CITY BANK--AND
YOU GENTLEMEN WILL BE
INTERESTED TO KNOW
I'VE PERFECTED A
RADIO DEVICE WHICH
WILL TURN ON EVERY
ELECTRICAL SIREN
IN THE CITY!

PULLIN' JOBS IS
FINE WITH ME--
BUT I DON'T GO
FOR WAKIN' EVERY
BODY UP! SOME
NIGHT WE'LL
GET CAUGHT!!

YOU WANT MONEY AND
I WANT MORE! EITHER YOU
TAKE ORDERS FROM ME...
OR I'LL FIND OTHERS WHO'LL
BE GLAD TO TAKE THE LOOT
I CAN
GUARAN-
TEE THEM!

TAKE IT EASY,
CHIEF...
BLACKIE
DIDN'T MEAN
NOTHIN'!!

I TELL YA,
THE GUY'S
CLEAN
OFF HIS
BASE!

AN' I TELL YA
IT'S LUCKY FOR US
HE IS--OR ELSE HE'D
WANT MOST OF
THE SWAG!

CRAZY OR
NOT... HE'S
SMART!
WONDER WHO
HE REALLY
IS!

SMOKEY IS NOT ALONE IN HIS
OPINIONS OF THE MYSTERIOUS
CRIMINAL'S MENTAL STATE...

THIS MAN WHO
NEVER SLEEPS--
HE MUST BE A
LUNATIC, YES!

IT'S A SURE THING
THERE'S SOME DEEP
PSYCHOLOGICAL REASON
WHY HE LIKES TO SPOIL
PEOPLE'S REST--AND
THAT MAKES THIS CASE
RIGHT DOWN THE
SANDMAN'S ALLEY!

ONCE AGAIN THE VAST, MYSTERIOUS NIGHT BECOMES THE HUNTING GROUND OF THE SANDMAN, WHO BRINGS DREAMS OF HOPE TO THE OPPRESSED...AND NIGHTMARES TO THE EVIL!

WHERE TO, SANDMAN?

UP, SANDY...AS HIGH AS WE CAN GO! I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO WATCH AND WAIT FOR OUR QUARRY TO START SOMETHING!



AND IT MAY BE THAT RATE IS GUIDING NICK'S FOOTSTEPS...FOR SURE...

IT'S THEM! IT MUST BE!! HERE'S WHERE THEY GET THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES!



OKAY...BUT YA CAN'T OBJECT TO ME PLAYIN' TAPS ON HIS DOME!

LOOK OUT! HE'S FALLING AGAINST THE RADIO BOX!

OH!!



BORNE ON THE SLENDER STRANDS OF THEIR WIREPOON GUNS, THE GOLDEN PAIR SOARS FAR ABOVE THE SILENT STREETS...

THIS IS AS GOOD A PERCH AS ANY!

WE'D NEED OXYGEN MASKS IF WE WENT MUCH HIGHER!



NOR ARE THEY ALONE IN THEIR VIGIL...FOR IN THE LOWER SHADOWS, PRIVATE DETECTIVE NICK PARKS IS AT LAST TRYING TO LIVE UP TO THE NAME OF HIS AGENCY...

I'M DEAD FOR SLEEP...BUT I'VE SWORN NOT TO CLOSE MY EYES TILL I HAVE TRACKED DOWN THE CROOKS WHO MADE A FOOL OF ME!



TRY TO RUIN MY BUSINESS, WILL YOU?

I'LL BLAST HIM TO KINGDOM COME!

NO! NO KILLING, SMOKEY!



EVERY SIREN IN TOWN WILL START BLOWING NOW! WE WILL HAVE TO FORGET ABOUT THE BANK!

I'M TAKIN' THIS GUY ALONG...IN CASE HE RECOGNIZED US!



SIRENS
LARGE AND
SMALL...
SHRILL
AND DEEP-
TONE...
BLANKET
THE CITY
WITH BAR-
SPLITTING
SOUNDS
AS THE
ROBBERS'
CAR
SPEEDS
AWAY!

I TOLD YA YER
NOISE-MAKIN'
WOULD QUEER
THE 'SET-UP!!
I OUGHTA---

TAKE IT
EASY,
SMOKEY!

HOW WAS I
TO KNOW THIS
FELLOW WOULD
COME ALONG
WHEN HE DID!?

WH-WHAT
HAPPENED?

IT AIN'T NOTHIN'
TA WHAT'S
GONNA HAPPEN
IF YA DON'T
STEP LIVELY!

COME INTO
THE HOUSE...THE
POLICE WON'T
LOOK FOR US
THERE!

THEN YOU'RE
FELIX BLACK, THE
MILLIONAIRE!!

AIN'T
THAT
JUST
DUCKY!

SO THIS
IS YER
JOINT,
EH?

WHAT IF I AM
FELIX BLACK?
YOU CAN'T AFFORD
TO TELL THE
POLICE!

NO, DIMMIT... AN' WE
CAN'T AFFORD TO
RISK OUR LIVES PULLIN'
JOBS NEITHER... WHEN
YOU CAN GIVE US ALL THE
DOUGH WE'LL EVER NEED!

FOIST WE BUMP OFF DIS
WISE GUY SO DERS WON'T
BE NOBODY TO SQUEAL...
THEN WE TAKE OVER YER
FINANCIAL TROUBLES!

STOP!!
I WON'T STAND
FOR ANY KILLINGS!
I'LL---

I'LL--

YOU'LL WHAT,
CHUM?

I-I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO DO!

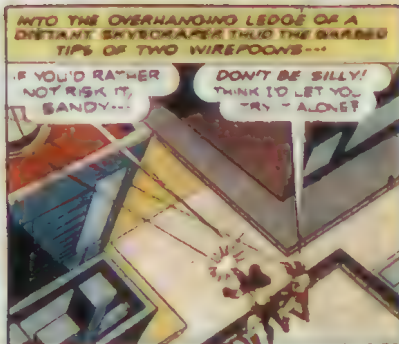
IT SEEMS THE MAN WHO
NEVER SLEEPS HAS BEEN
CAUGHT HAPPING... SO TO
SPEAK LIKE MANY ANOTHER
BEFORE HIM, WHO HAS
DREAMED OF BECOMING
A MASTER OF CRIME, HE
FINDS HIMSELF A VICTIM
OF HIS OWN SCHEMING!
AND AS FOR NICK PARKS,
THE DROWSY YOUNG
DETECTIVE-- MUST HE PAY
WITH HIS LIFE FOR A
SICK MAN'S POLLY?



AND NOW LET US RETURN TO THE KEEN-EYED WATCHERS WE LEFT ON THEIR GARDOYLE PERCHES...

A MILLION SURENS! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING... BUT WHAT?

THAT SPEEDING CAR MAY HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT--GET OUT YOUR WIREPOON GUN, SANDY... AND GET READY FOR THE LEAP OF YOUR LIFE!



IF YOU'D RATHER NOT RISK IT, SANDY...

DON'T BE SILLY! THINK I'D LET YOU TRY - ALONE?



PLUNGING DOWNWARD WITH BLINDING SPEED THE SHINING PAIR SWOOPS IN PURSUIT OF THE CAR!



TALK ABOUT THRILLS!!

SAVE YOUR BREATH FOR HANGING ON!



END OF THE LINE!

I HOPE!



THAT LOOKS LIKE THE HOUSE... BUT WHAT WOULD CROOKS BE DOING IN A MILLIONAIRE'S PLACE LIKE THIS?

IT'S FELIX BLACK'S HOME! HIS REPUTATION IS EXCELLENT... BUT IT SEEMS TO ME I REMEMBER READING SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT HIM!



OF COURSE! HE'S THE MAN THE DOCTORS WERE SO EXCITED ABOUT WHEN THEY DISCOVERED HE HADN'T BEEN ABLE TO SLEEP SINCE HE WAS A BOY. THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING!

TO YOU, MAYBE! BUT I'LL STRING ALONG AND FIND OUT FOR MYSELF!

LET US RETURN TO FELIX BLACK'S
LIBRARY, WHERE DEATH CROUCHES,
READY TO POUNCE!

I'M GONNA
PUT YA TO
SLEEP, WISE
GUY!

ALL THIS BECAUSE I TOOK
A NAP WHEN I SHOULD
HAVE BEEN WORKING AT
MY DETECTIVE JOB. IT
ISN'T FAIR!!

HE CALLS
HIMSELF A
DETECTIVE!
HAWWWW!



BUT THE POUNCE OF ANOTHER IS SWIFTER!

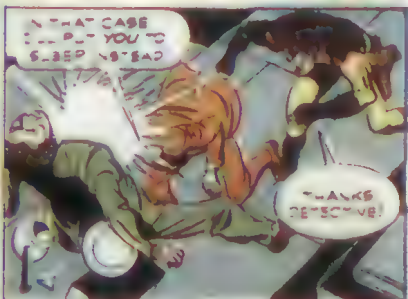
IT'S 3-0-0-0 ME
SOMEBODY
SPOILED YOUR
NIGHT, RATS

TH'
SANDMAN!



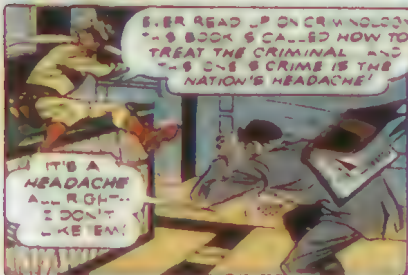
IN THAT CASE
I'LL PUT YOU TO
SLEEP NS'AD

THANKS
DETECTIVE!



EVER READ UP ON CRIMINOLOGY?
THE BOOK IS CALLED HOW TO
TREAT THE CRIMINAL AND
THE ONE CRIME IS THE
NATION'S HEADACHE!

IT'S A
HEADACHE
ALL RIGHT...
I DON'T
LIKE 'EM!



OH WELL THERE
ARE LOTS OF
OTHERS TAKE
YOUR PICK

HELP!
HE'S MODERN
ME.



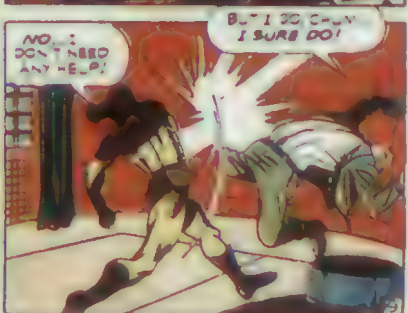
NEED ANY HELP
SANDMAN?

I'LL LET YOU
KNOW IN A
MINUTE!



NO...
DON'T NEED
ANY HELP!

BUT I DO CHUN
I SURE DO!





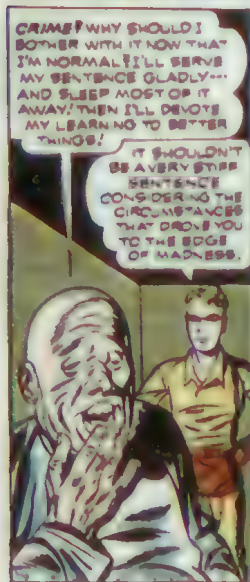
But....
INSTEAD OF DEATH, THE GANGSTER'S BULLET SEEMS TO HAVE WROUGHT A MIRACLE!

IT'S AMAZING! THE BULLET ONLY GRAZED HIS SKULL, YET IT APPEARS TO HAVE AFFECTED THE NERVE IN HIS BRAIN THAT KEEPS HIM FROM SLEEPING... HE'S RESTING NORMALLY.

I'VE BEEN AN INSTRUMENT OF FATE FOR A LONG TIME... BUT I DON'T PRETEND TO KNOW THE ENTIRE WAY IN WHICH IT WORKS.

I'VE SLEPT DO YOU HEAR... I'VE SLEPT! AND I OWE IT ALL TO YOU, SANDMAN. NAME ANY REWARD YOU CHOOSE: I

I ONLY WANT YOUR PROMISE THAT YOU'LL NEVER DABBLE IN CRIME AGAIN!



A FEW DAYS LATER, WEBS DOOPS AND SANDY HAWKINS CALL ON AN OLD FRIEND...

MR. PARKS IS TERRIBLY BUSY... HE'S BEEN SWAMPED WITH CLIENTS EVER SINCE HE CAPTURED THOSE NOISE-MAKING CROOKS!



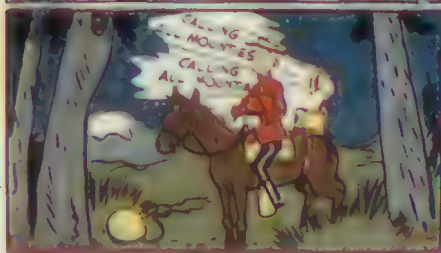
WE'LL HAVE TO STAY AWAKE TO TAKE CARE OF ALL THAT BUSINESS, EH, WEBS?

IT'S FUNNY... NICK SLEPT WHEN HE SHOULDN'T... AND HE'S GETTING RICHER! BLACK HAD TO TURN TO CRIME TO LEARN TO SLEEP. YET, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO HAVE COME OUT RIGHT IN THE END!



BUT YOU'LL NEVER CATCH THE SANDMAN AND HIS NERVOUS YOUNG PAL SANDY SLEEPING WHILE EVIL PROWLING THE NIGHT! DON'T MISS THE HIGH-TENSION THRILLS OF THEIR NEWEST SMASHING TRIUMPH IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ADVENTURE COMICS!

GAGS



Here it is again!

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

**ANOTHER
COMPLETE
FULL-LENGTH
ADVENTURE
OF THE
JUSTICE
SOCIETY**

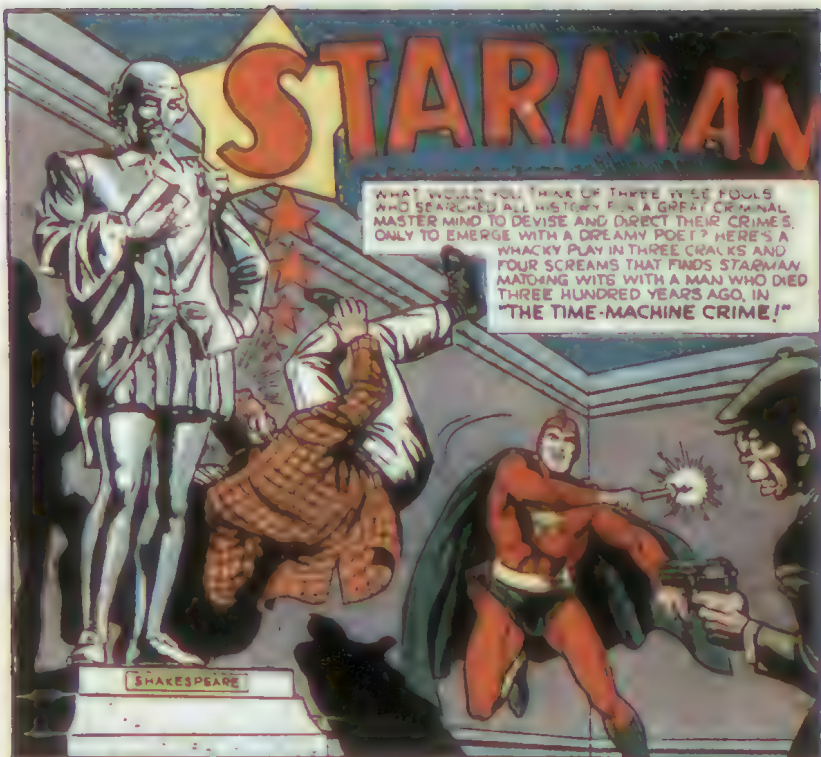
**FEATURING ALL
YOUR FAVORITE
CHARACTERS**



**AXIS AGENTS
SHANGHAI THE
JUSTICE SOCIETY
INTO ROCKET
SHIPS AND
SEND THEM
TO SCATTERED
PLANETS IN
THE UNIVERSE!**

**Read
THIS NEWEST
STRANGEST
ADVENTURE
OF ALL-
"SHANGHAIED
INTO SPACE"**

**BE SURE TO GET THIS ISSUE TO SEE HOW YOU CAN JOIN
THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA !**



STARMAN

WHAT WOULD YOU THINK OF THREE WISE FOOLS WHO SEARCHED ALL HISTORY FOR A GREAT CRIMINAL MASTER MIND TO DEVISE AND DIRECT THEIR CRIMES, ONLY TO EMERGE WITH A DREAMY POET? HERE'S A WHACKY PLAY IN THREE ACTS AND FOUR SCREAMS THAT FINDS STARMAN MATCHING WITS WITH A MAN WHO DIED THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, IN "THE TIME-MACHINE CRIME!"

SHAKESPEARE

MIDNIGHT--AND IN A SINISTER SPEEDING SEDAN WE FIND STARMAN...

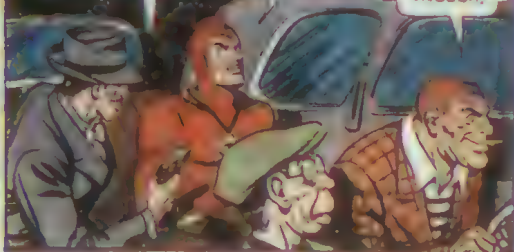


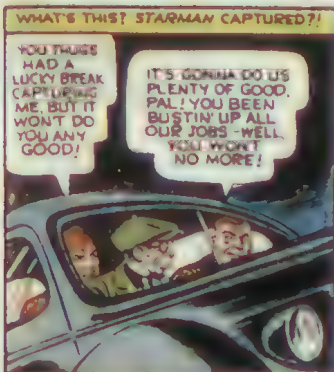
--- BEING TAKEN FOR A RIDE!

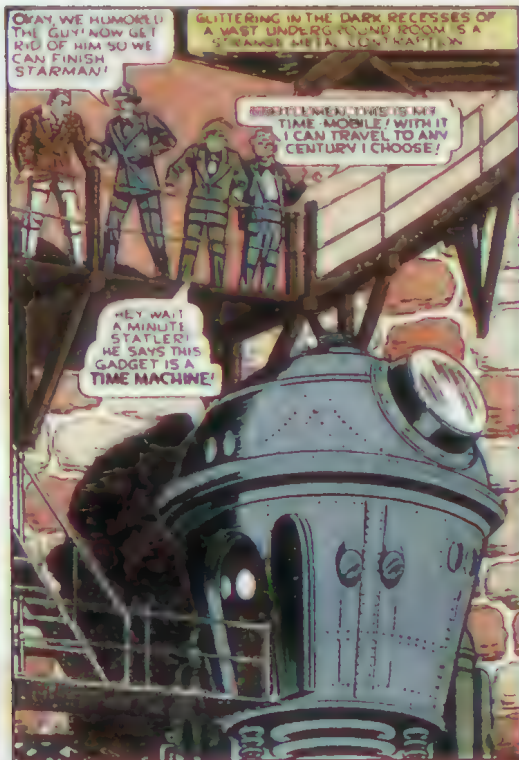
SAY YOUR PRAYERS STARMAN-- YOU AIN'T GOT MUCH LONGER TO LIVE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, STATLER!

YOU WON'T ESCAPE THIS TIME, STARMAN-- YOU BEEN INTERFERIN' WITH HONEST CROOKS LONG ENOUGH!







OKAY, WE HUMORED THE GUY! NOW GET RID OF HIM SO WE CAN FINISH STARMAN!

GLITTERING IN THE DARK RECESSES OF A VAST UNDERGROUND ROOM IS A STRANGE METAL CONTRAPTION.

GENTLEMEN, THIS IS MY TIME-MOBILE! WITH IT I CAN TRAVEL TO ANY CENTURY I CHOOSE!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, STATLER! HE SAYS THIS GADGET IS A TIME MACHINE!

A TIME MACHINE EH? LISTEN, FELLAS! EVEN IF WE GET RID OF STARMAN, SOME OTHER PEST LIKE BATMAN IS GONNA BOTHER US! WHAT WE NEED IS A MASTER MIND TO PLAN OUR JOBS! LET'S TAKE A TRIP IN TIME ON THIS MACHINE AND FIND US A MASTER-MIND!

WHO, FOR INSTANCE?

WHO? I DON'T KNOW BUT HE'S GOTTA BE A SMART GUY, THE SMARTEST GUY WHO EVER LIVED!

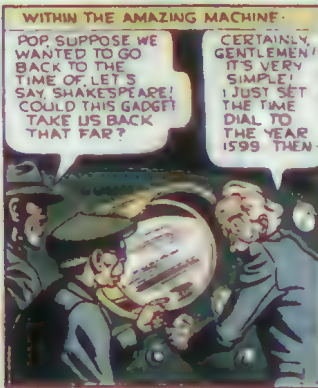
I KNOW SHAKESPEARE.

NEVER HEARD OF HIM!



ENTER, MY FRIENDS, AND I WILL SHOW YOU HOW THE TIME-MOBILE OPERATES!

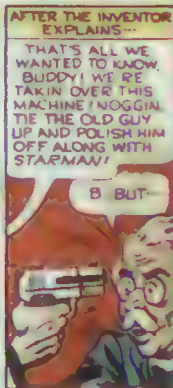
OH, MON, FELLAS! WE'LL FIND OUT HOW THIS THING WORKS AND THEN TAKE OVER!



WITHIN THE AMAZING MACHINE.

POP, SUPPOSE WE WANTED TO GO BACK TO THE TIME OF LET'S SAY, SHAKESPEARE! COULD THIS GADGET TAKE US BACK THAT FAR?

CERTAINLY, GENTLEMEN! IT'S VERY SIMPLE! I JUST SET THE TIME DIAL TO THE YEAR 1599, THEN.



AFTER THE INVENTOR EXPLAINS--

THAT'S ALL WE WANTED TO KNOW, BUDDY! WE'RE TAKIN' OVER THIS MACHINE! NOGGIN! TIE THE OLD GUY UP AND POLISH HIM OFF ALONG WITH STARMAN!

B BUT--

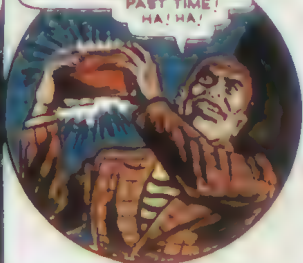
NOGGIN TAKES THE HELPLESS INVENTOR UP TO THE MINE TUNNEL AND TIES HIM UP BESIDE THE BOUND STARMAN.

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, NOGGIN!

SHUDDUP, STARMAN! YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP WITH THIS OLD GUYS TIME MACHINE. WE'RE GONNA START THE BIGGEST CRIME WAVE IN HISTORY. THIS IS OUR LUCKY DAY!

W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH US?

THIS TIME BOMB WILL TAKE CARE OF BOTH OF YOU! IT'S SET TO GO OFF EXACTLY FIVE MINUTES FROM NOW! YOU'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS WITHOUT LEAVING A TRACE, WHILE WE'RE TAKING A TRIP INTO PAST TIME! HA! HA!



LEAVING STARMAN AND THE INVENTOR TO A HORRIBLE FATE, NOGGIN REJOINS HIS CRONIES IN THE TIME-MOBILE.

NOW WE GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT! STARMAN'LL BE RUBBED OUT WHEN WE GET BACK WITH OUR MASTER-MIND!

OKAY, FOUR EYES LET'S GO!

SHAKESPEARE, HERE WE COME!

AS FOUR-EYES PULLS THE SWITCH, THE TIME MOBILE SHUDDERS AND ROCKS CRAZILY AS IT FADES INTO THE STRANGE REALM OF TIME CENTURIES WHEN PAST



MINUTES PASS THEN WITH A TERRIFIC JOLT THE LURCHING MACHINE COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP.

WOW! WHAT HAPPENED?

FEELS LIKE AN EARTH-QUAKE!

AS THE THUGS OPEN THE MACHINE'S DOOR-

NOGGIN CAN STAY HERE AND GUARD THE MACHINE! HOLY COW! WHAT A FUNNY LOOKIN' SET-UP!

FOUR EYES AND STATLER GAZE IN AMAZEMENT AT THE WINDING STREETS OF ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND.

THIS IS IT, STATLER! TAKE A LOOK AT THEM HICKS! NOW TO LOCATE SHAKESPEARE!



WHILE THE TWO
OF THUGS ESCAPE
INTO THE PAST IN
THE TIME MACHINE
A TIME BOMB
TICKS OFF FATEFUL
SECONDS OF DOOM
IN THE OLD MINE



DON'T GIVE UP HOPE,
PROFESSOR. WE STILL
HAVE A COUPLE OF
MINUTES. IF I CAN
ONLY LOOSEN THESE
BONDS IN TIME.

I HAVE IT.
TRY CUTTING
THE ROPES
AGAINST THE
SHARP EDGE
OF A TAGGED
ROCK!

FINDING A SHARP-EDGED STONE IN THE
WALL OF THE TUNNEL, STARFAN WORKS
WITH FEVER-DRIVEN HANDS



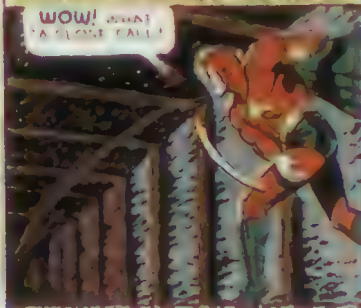
THIS IS
DOING
THE
TRICK.
I HOPE
I MAKE
IT!

BURSTING THE FRAYED
STRANDS, THE MAN OF THE
STARFAN MAKES A FEARSOME
DIVE FOR THE OTHER. TWO
LIVES HANG IN THE BALANCE!



GETTING READY
TO GO

TAUT MUSCLES RESPOND WITH LIGHTNING
ACTION. HE PICKS UP THE SMILING BOY
AND WITH ONE MOVEMENT SETS HIM FREE
TO REACH INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE TUNNEL

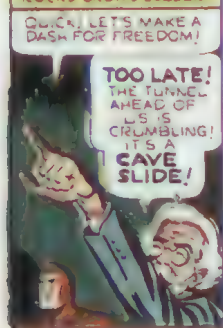


WOW! WHAT
A CLOSE CALL!

AN EAR-SPLITTING
EXPLOSION SHAKES
THE CAVE. IN THE
INTERVAL, THE
GODS REEF IN THE
TUNNEL



AND ANOTHER PERIL
APPEARS AS THE BREAD
RUMBLE OF MOVING
ROCKS GROWS LOUDER



QUICK! LET'S MAKE A
DASH FOR FREEDOM!

TOO LATE!
THE TUNNEL
AHEAD OF
US IS
CRUMBLING!
IT'S A
CAVE
SLIDE!

WITH A ROAR, PART OF THE OLD TUNNEL
CAVES IN, BLOCKING THE ONLY EXIT



TRAPPED!
THIS MEANS A
SLOW DEATH BY
SUFFOCATION!
WE'RE BURIED
ALIVE!

DON'T GET PANICKY,
PROFESSOR. I'VE BEEN
IN WORSE SCRAPES
THAN THIS. IF I ONLY
HAD MY GRAVITY
ROD

THE GRAVITY ROD'S
STEEL-CLAMP ENERGY
COULD BLAST RIGHT
THROUGH SOLID
ROCK. BUT THE
THUGS TOOK
IT WHEN
THEY CAPTURED
ME. I
GUESS
IT'S GONE
FOREVER



LOOK! A SHINING METAL OBJECT HALF HIDDEN IN THE ROCKS 'S---IT'S THE GRAVITY ROD! WE'RE SAVED!

THOSE CROOKS MUST HAVE TOSSED IT AWAY IN THE TUNNEL NOT KNOWING HOW TO OPERATE ITS MECHANISM!

A BLAST OF STELLAR ENERGY FROM THE ROD CLEARS AWAY THE MASS OF ROCKY DEBRIS BLOCKING THE TUNNEL

THAT DID THE TRICK! NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE WHILE WE CAN!

WHAT AMAZING POWER!

WE'RE FREE, BUT I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CATCH THE THUGS NOW THAT THEY'VE GONE BACK INTO THE PAST!

MY TIME MOBILE IS CONSTRUCTED SO THAT IT WILL LAND IN FRONT OF THE MINE ENTRANCE WHEN IT RETURNS TO THE PRESENT. WE'LL WAIT THERE FOR THEM!

YOU GOT HIM! OUR MASTER MIND!

QUICK! INTO THE MACHINE WITH HIM!

MEANWHILE, THREE HUNDRED YEARS AWAY FROM THEIR OWN TIME AND JOINING THE TROOP OF THUGS, THE GREAT WILL SHAKE SHAKE

UNHAND ME VARLETS

TAKE IT EASY BILL AND YOU WON'T GET HURT--WE'RE TAKIN' YOU FOR A RIDE!

THE STRANGEST CRIME IN ALL HISTORY--THE TIME MACHINE SNAPING! WITH SHAKESPEARE WITHIN, THE METAL CAR AGAIN FADES INTO THE MISTS OF TIME

WHAT ILL MANNERED DOING IS THIS? WHENCE COMES THIS STEEL CHARIOT BEARING MEN IN OUTLANDISH GARB?

WE DON'T SOUND LIKE NO MASTER MIND TO ME!

WE'LL BE AID TO M FOUR EYES, YOU GOT CULTURE

IT'S LIKE THIS BILL WE TOOK A TRIP TO ME NOW WE'RE GON BACK TO THE FUTURE SEE

THERE'S NO NEED TO EXPLAIN, SIRHAN! I'M AN INTELLIGENT MAN, I UNDERSTAND TIME, TIME AND SLEEP THAT KNITS OF THE RAVELLED SLEEVE OF CARE!

BUT CRIME HAS NO APPEAL FOR SHAKESPEARE!

SWEET! NOW WE KIDNAPED YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE A SMART GUY! WE WANT YOU TO MASTERMIND A FEW ROBBERIES FOR US!

FIE! OUT UPON IT! I'LL DO NOTHING BUT WRITE PLAYS!

SHAKESPEARE IS TOO HONEST! I'LL HAVE TO TRICK HIM--AH-- I'VE GOT IT!

NOW LOOK, BILL--I HAPPEN TO BE A PLAYWRIGHT MYSELF--I GOT A PLOT, BUT I'M STUCK--SEEMS MY VILLAIN HAS GOTTER A CASTLE--AND I'M TRYIN TO FIGURE OUT A CLEVER WAY FOR THE HERO TO BUST IN--GOT ANY IDEAS?

HMMM--A CASTLE--VERY INTERESTING--

AND IN A TIME-MACHINE, A STRANGE LITERATURE OF CRIME IS BORN--

I'M WORKING ON A PLAY THAT HAS THE SAME PROBLEM! METHINKS--MY CHARACTER, MACBETH, IS IN HIS CASTLE, AND HIS ENEMY SNEAKS UP ON HIM DISGUISED AS A FOREST BURNHAM WOOD.

GET IT ALL DOWN, STATLER--THIS IS TERRIFIC!

GEE, A GUY MADE UP LIKE A FOREST! WHAT'LL THEY THINK OF NEXT?

MINUTE'S LATER, THE TIME-MOBILE COMES TO A JOLTING STOP--AND SHAKESPEARE ENTERS THE WORLD OF 1942--

YOU GOT SOME TERRIFIC IDEAS, BILL--YOU'LL GO FAR SOME DAY!

HERE WE ARE BACK IN 1942! COME WITH US, BILL! WE'RE GONNA TRY OUT SOME OF YOUR IDEAS!

I THANK YOU, SIR!

AT THAT MOMENT--AN AVENGING FIGURE LEAPS INTO VIEW

A TIME-MACHINE KIDNAPING! AND I'M JUST IN TIME TO STOP IT!

HEY! AIN'T THAT STARMAN?

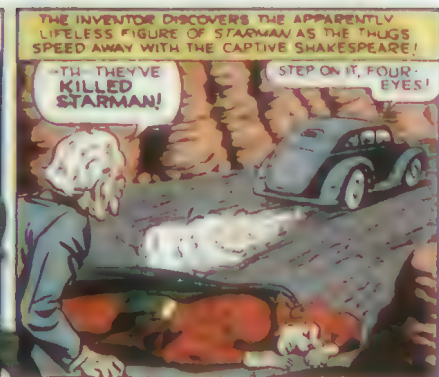
IT CAN'T BE--HE'S DEAD! REMEMBER?

HALP! A GHOST!

OW!

I'LL TAKE SHAKESPEARE YOU TAKE THAT!

ODDS BOOKINS! WHAT'S THIS?



FLASHING DOWNWARD TOWARD DESTRUCTION
AT A BREATHLESS PACE, STARMAN
WAITS TENSELY.



IF ONLY
I'M RIGHT—
IF—THE
BOTTOM'S
COMING
UP WITH
AN AWFUL
RUSH!

THEN—A
MIRACLE OF
SCIENCE DEEP
UNDERGROUND
WITH ALL
DAYLIGHT
CUT OFF A
PAINT STAR
APPEARS OVER
THE SHAFT!

THEN LIKE A
THUNDERBOLT, HE
FLASHES UPWARD.



STARMAN!
STARMAN!
ARE YOU
ALL
RIGHT?

ALL
RIGHT?
JUST
WATCH
ME
AND
SEE!

MIGHTY POWER FROM THE LONE
STAR CHECKS STARMAN'S HEADLONG
FALL IN THE NICK OF TIME!

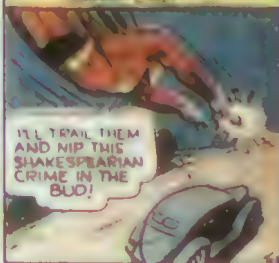


WHOOIE!
A LITTLE
TOO CLOSE
FOR
COMFORT!
ANOTHER
COUPLE OF
FEET AND
I'D HAVE
ENDED MY
CAREER IN
A SPLASH!

SUCCESS! I KNEW
IT! THE STARS
CAN ALWAYS BE
SEEN AT THE
BOTTOM OF A WELL
—AND REFLECTED
STARLIGHT IS
GOOD ENOUGH
FOR MY
GRAVITY ROD!



—AND WITH FRESH POWER
SPEEDILY OVERTAKES THE
KIDNAP CAR!



I'LL TRAIL THEM
AND NIP THIS
SHAKESPEARIAN
CRIME IN THE
BUD!

UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE BEING
FOLLOWED, THE THUGS SPEED ON—

THAT WAS
NICE WORK,
NOGGIN'
STARMAN'LL
NEVER CATCH
US NOW!
WHERE WE
GONNA PULL
THIS BURNHAM
WOOD JOB?

AT THE CAMBRIDGE
SUMMER THEATRE
THESE SUMMER
THEATRES IS N
THE WOODS AND
LOTS OF RICH
PEOPLE GO TO
THEM—WE'LL
COLLECT A
FORTUNE!



THROUGH NEW YORK WILL SHAKESPEARE IS
GENERAL, ALL TO THE SUMMER THEATRE!

SKY-HIGH
DWELLINGS!
DO MY EYES
DECEIVE ME?
WHAT WONDERS!

WHAT'S HE GETTIN
EXCITED AT ALL
THEM HIGH
BUILDINGS FOR?

THE SCENE SHIFTS TO THE BUSY CAMBRIDGE SUMMER
THEATRE FAR OUT IN THE SUBURBS—AND BEFORE THE
THEATRE STAND THREE TREES!

SUDDENLY THE TREES START TO
MOVE TOWARDS THE THEATRE!

HURRY UP
NOGGIN', THERE'S
A FORTUNE
WAITIN' FOR US
IN THERE, WITH
ALL THEM RICH
PATRONS!

I'M COMIN'
STATLER!
BUT IT AINT
EASY
RUNNIN'
INSIDE
A TREE!

AND THE FANTASTIC SHAKESPERIAN
CRIME GETS UNDER WAY

HOLY COW
WHAT'S THIS?

SUDDENLY

WE'RE ONLY
THREE TREES,
BUDDY

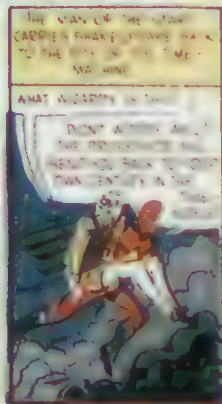
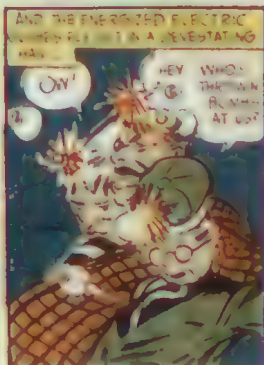
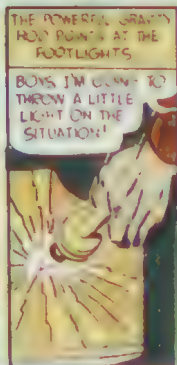
HALP!

WHAT'S THIS?

OH!

STARMAN!

WHAT,
AGAIN?





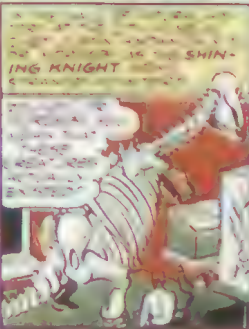
MEXICO
CENSUS SET COMPLETE
Free to approval applicants
PLADON STAMP CO.

The SHINING KNIGHT



...WINGED VICTORY
SHINING KNIGHTS
...SIR
JUSTIN ...
...AND ...
...LEAVES HIS WAY TO VICTORY

**"ADVENTURE
OF THE
DESPERATE
DRAGONS"**



SEVERAL

[Faint, illegible handwritten notes]

COME WITH ME I'LL SHOW
YOU ANOTHER ONE OF
THE NUMBERS OF
MODERN CIVILIZATION

THE
WORLD'S
GREATEST
CITY

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

... ..

12-11
104'S NAME
W 14 55
STATION 2

1978-01-01 The following information was received from the
the following information was received from the

...

SOON THE EGGS CRACK, AND WE'RD FLEDGLINGS CATERED FOR!



IN THE MORNING... ENTER PORKY CALLAHAN, A PETTY PCKPOCKET!



SOME JOINT! A LOT OF VALUABLE STUFF, AND NO GUARDS! HERE'S WHERE I CLEAN UP!

WHAT'S THIS? THE FUNNIEST BOYS I EVER SAW! I BET THEY'RE VALUABLE!



STOWING THE TINY CREATURES AWAY IN HIS POCKETS, PORKY GOES NONCHALANTLY OUT OF THE MUSEUM!



WONDER WHO I CAN SELL THEM TO?

RRRRR!

FEK! AWWRRR!

LATER... STIMULATED BY THE HIGH-POWERED X-RAYS, THE CREATURES FROM THE PAST GROW UP MIRACULOUSLY!



HOLY SMOKE, I AM NOT GOT NO ROOM! I HAVE TO MOVE! BUT I AM FEELIN' THESE BOYS! NO SIR, I GOT AN IDEA...

SUDDENLY, SNOOPING FROM THE SKIES, A PTEROQUACTYL DARTS DOWN... A CREATURE BORN IN THE PAST, WATCHED IN THE PRESENT... WITH RESENTMENT!



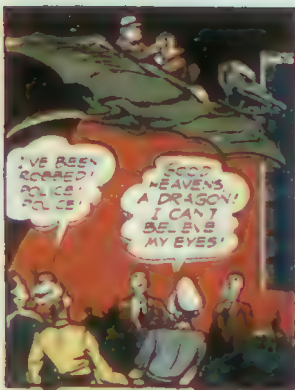
THANKS FOR THE PRESENT, LADY!

OH...

A WEEK LATER... AT A FASHIONABLE FLOWER SHOW...



YES DEAR MR. BRAND SAVE ME THIS PEARL NECKLACE FOR MY BIRTHDAY!



I'VE BEEN
ROBBED!
POLICE!
POLICE!

GOOD
HEAVENS!
A DRAGON!
I CAN'T
BELIEVE
MY EYES!



THE BIGGEST TAKE
SINCE I STARTED
PICKIN' POCKET'S!
AND A PERFECT
GETAWAY WITH
THIS BOY!



AND NOW PORRY'S AMBITIONS
EXPAND! HE ORGANIZES A MOB...

YOU GUYS PLAY BALL
WID ME, AND
WE'RE RIDIN'
HIGH!

YOU MEAN
PORRY WILL
RUN HIGH ON
THEM BOYS?



YEAH, I TAMED EM, AND THEY DO
WHAT I TELL EM! WITH THEM TO
CARRY US, WE'LL GET AWAY
WITH MILLIONS!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD... A FRONT OF THE NATIONAL
TRUST COMPANY...

THERE'S HALF A MILLION
IN THESE BAGS! AND A
CROOK WOULDN'T GIVE
TO LAY HANDS ON
THEM!

NO CHANCE! THIS
SYSTEM IS CROOK-
PROOF! WE HAVEN'T
BEEN ROBBED
SINCE IT
STARTED!



BUT NO SYSTEM IS DRAGON-PROOF! THERE'S A SUDDEN
RALE OF BULLETS...

RAT-TAT-TAT-
-TAT-TAT---

WHERE ARE THOSE BULLETS
COMING FROM? THERE ARE
NO CROOKS IN SIGHT!



WON'T
YOU
EVER SEE
CHUM
AFTER
THESE
BULLETS
-T- YOU!

TERRIBLE AND REMORSELESS,
THE DRAGON-KING GREN OF
THE EYES STAMPS OUT ALL
OBSTACLES!



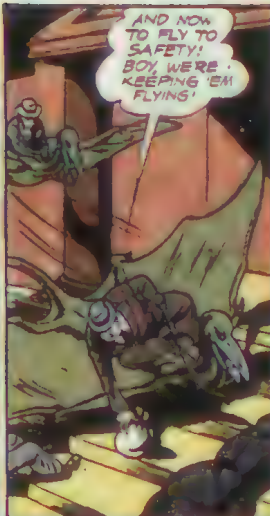
THAT
F.N. SNEAKS
THE GUARDS!
NOW TO SWOOP
DOWN AND
SNATCH THAT
DOUGH!

THE COPS DON'T KNOW THESE
SCADS GOT SCALES AND A
--DE THAT BULLETS WON'T
GO THROUGH!

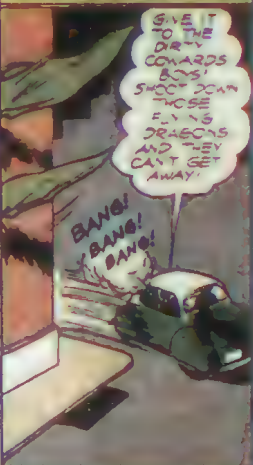


BANG!

AND NOW
TO FLY TO
SAFETY!
BOY, WE'RE
KEEPING 'EM
FLYING!



THE SHRIEK OF A SIREN...
AND A POLICE CAR CARBENS
AROUND THE CORNER! GAS ROAD!



GIVE IT
TO THE
DR. CONARDS
BOSS
SHOOT DOWN
THOSE
FLYING
DRAGONS
AND THEY
CAN'T GET
AWAY!

BANG!
BANG!

WHILE IN THE QUIET CITY MUSEUM...

JUSTIN: I ASKED YOU
SOME TIME AGO
ABOUT DRAGONS.
IT SEEMS THAT
THEY DO EXIST.



WELL... I'VE BEEN WANTING TO
FIGHT WITH ONE FOR SEVERAL
CENTURIES...
AND NOW'S
MY CHANCE!



DRAGON THIEVES
ESCAPE WITH
HALF MILLION

AM, MY BRAVE STEED,
IT'S MANY A DAY
SINCE WE RODE
FORTH TO FIGHT
AGAINST ALL
THESE DRAGONS.
I KNOW WE'LL
ESCAPE US
NOW!



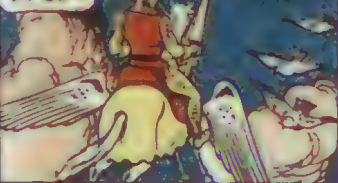
THE SHINING KNIGHT AND HIS WINGED MOUNT LAUNCH
THEMSELVES INTO THE AIR, FOLLOWING A TRAIL
ALREADY COLD!



THEY HAVE MANY HORSES
--THE START ON US VICTORY!
STILL MAYHAP WE
CAN RUN THESE
FOUL DRAGONS
TO BARTH!

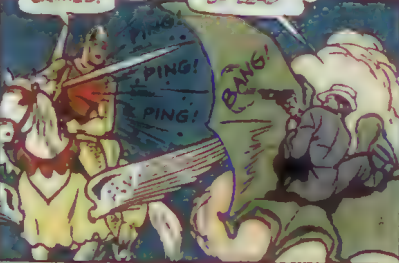
THEN, IN THE DISTANCE... THE SPARKLE OF
SUNLIGHT ON SHINING SCALES.

BETTER FORTUNE
THAN I EXPECTED
SEE VICTORY
YONDER
FLIES A
DRAGON!



PREPARE TO DEFEND
YOURSELF, SIRRAH! NOW
SHALT THOU PAY THE
PENALTY OF THY
CRIMES!

OH, YEAH? NOW
SHALT THOU SEE
HOW I FEELS TO
GET A SKEFUL
OF LEAD!



FLASHING THRU THE SKY, THE FLYING STEED OVERTAKES
THE FABULOUS CREATURE OF THE PAST...

YOU CRAZY BOO, DROP THAT
MOTORCYCLE! IT'S SLOWING
US DOWN!

AN SO
THAT IS
MY HELI IS
DELAYED!

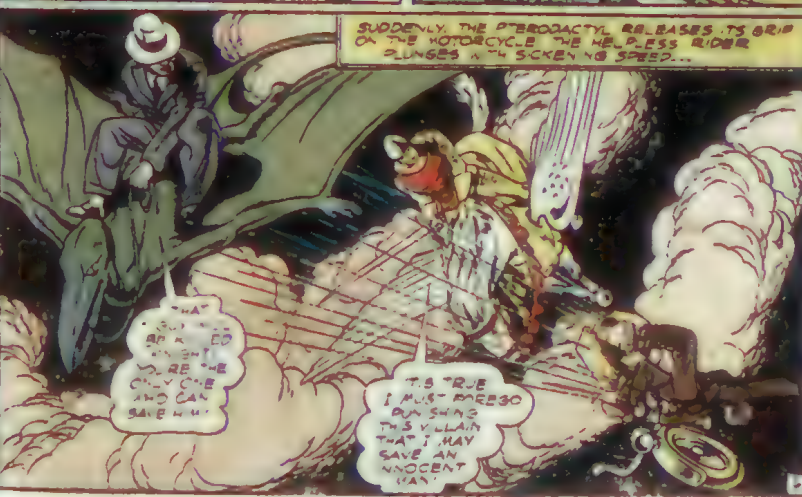


I NEVER BELIEVED
THAT BULLETS WOULD
NOT THE SHINING
KNIGHT BUT NOW
I KNOW IT'S
TRUE!

NOW KNOWEST THOU
ALSO THAT MY HELI'S
ENCHANTED SWORD
CAN CUT THROUGH STEEL
LIKE BUTTER!
SURRENDER,
VILLAIN!



SUDDENLY, THE PTERODACTYL RELEASES ITS GRIP
ON THE MOTORCYCLE. THE HELPLESS RIDER
PLUNGES WITH SICKENING SPEED...



THAT
SQUAWKING
BEHIND ME
YOU'RE THE
ONLY ONE
WHO CAN
SAVE ME!

IT'S TRUE
I MUST RESIST
THIS VILLAIN
THAT I MAY
SAVE AN
INNOCENT
MAN!

A SHARP, DOWNWARD SWOOP TAKES THE KNIGHT SO CLOSE TO EARTH THAT VICTORY'S THRESHING PRIONS SEEM TO BRUSH AGAINST DEATH...



SIR JUSTIN GENTLY LOWERS TO THE GROUND THE MAN HE HAS RESCUED...



MEANWHILE, IN A PENTHOUSE HIGH ABOVE THE CITY'S CRASH-LESS TURMOIL...

A MILLION! I SLEGGED THEM IN GEMS! OUT OF REACH FROM HON D'D UNDER THE NOSES OF THE YAES! WE SHALL SELL THEM, AND WITH THE MONEY BUY PLANES, TANKS...



BUT YOU SHOULD NO HAVE BROUGHT THEM HERE! I'S UNSURE! WHO CAN STEAL THEM? THE DOORS ARE THICK STEEL! AND NO-ONE CAN CLIMB TO THE WINDOWS SO I'VE ABOVE THE GROUND!



SUDDENLY THE SOUND OF SHATTERING GLASS... THE CRASH OF SPLINTERING WOOD...

IT'S STRANGE BEAST... IT'S ONE OF THE FLYING DRAGONS!



KEEP YOUR HITS OFF THEM ROCKS, OR I'LL SHOOT YOU TO PECS! AND THIS BOO I'LL HOP UP THE FLOOR IN A MIN!



BUT THESE JEWELS ARE FOR A GREAT PURPOSE! YOU CAN NOT...



AND NOW THE SWINGING GUN'S HAWK-LIKE EYES CATCH SIGHT OF THE ESCAPING THEM!



THE MILES FLASH BY BENEATH VICTORY'S BRAT-ING WINGS! SOON...





HERE MUST I LEAVE
THEE, VICTOR, AND
PURSUE THESE LIL
CREATURES AFOOT,



THROUGH THE DARKNESS OF A
DESERTED WINE TUNNEL HIS GOLDEN
ARMOR GLOWING SO BRIGHT AND
DANCES FEARLESSLY...

BY 11
-AL JOME,
ESE TUNEL
RE PASSNG
STRANSE
TC HAY
PURPOSE
HAVE HEN
J.G
HERE?



SUDDENLY---

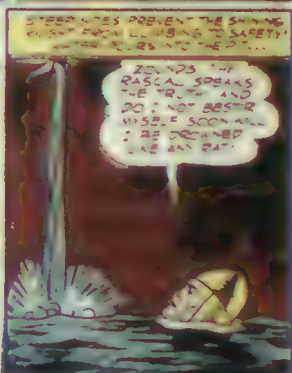
THE ROUND GIES MAY
BEHEATH MY FEET. THE
SOME WICKED DECEIT
OF THOSE WHO RIDE
THE DRAGONS.



I SAID
 FOLLOW ME
 WE'LL SEE
 YOU
 AND SEEN
 AS NON
 BULLETS
 CAN'T
 HURT
 YOU...

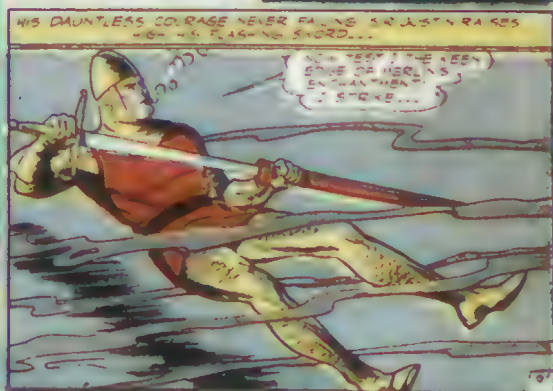


PLEASE SEE ME AT
WATER CAN DO
THE BEST
I WILL PRESENT TO
FROM 5:30 TO 6:00
IN 15 MINUTES
YOU ARE 33
GROWING



STEEL CAPS PREVENT THE SHAVING
CLIMB FROM BEING A SAFETY
Hazard

ZCND3 INT
RASCAL SPEAKS
THE TRUTH AND
DO NOT BESTIR
YOURSELF SOON
: BE OCEANED
: BE AND STAY

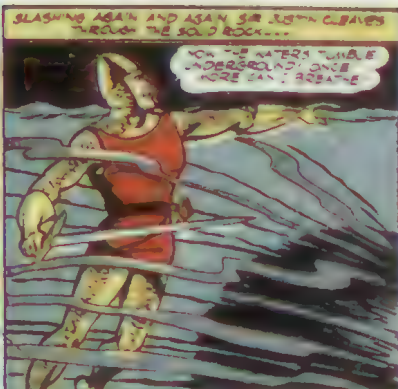


HIS DAUNTLESS COURAGE NEVER FAILING SO JUSTLY RESES
-6- -5 F. 45-16 SWORD...

NOTES BY THE DEEN
OF THE DEEN
IN THE DEEN
THE DEEN



SO THE HILLS
REST! NOW! BUT
HASTY SPIED WHILE
YET THE BREATH REMAINS
WITHIN MY LUNGS!



SLASHING AGAIN AND AGAIN, SIR JUSTIN CLEAVES
THROUGH THE SOLD ROCK...

NOW THE WATERS TUMBLE
UNDERGROUND! ONCE
MORE CAN I RESOLVE



SECURING A FOOT-HOLD IN THE HOLE
HIS SWORD HAS CUT THE SWINING
KNIGHT SPORING OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN

FOR THE
SOLDIER
BACK
THESE
WILLANS
WITH THE
FLAT OF
MY SWORD



AND BRADY, AN
YOU SHALL NOT
MY DRAGONS
SAVE THEM!



THESE FELL FROM
MY POCKET TOOL
KNIFE OR DIAMONDS
I'LL SET 'EM
THEIR
RENTAL
THUNDER!

YOU WANT TAKE
THEM ROCKS AWAY
FROM ME! THAT'S
STEALING!



WHILE SIR JUSTIN DELAYS TO RECOVER THE GLITTERING
GEMS THE LEADER OF THE THIEVES TAKES A RUN...
AND AN IRON JUDGE GLANCE HIM!

MY SWORD CAN CUT
THROUGH THAT STONE
FOR THE MURDER
I SHALL LET THEM
ESCAPE AND TRAIL
THEM TO THEIR NEW
HIDE-OUT PLACE!

AND SO... THE NEXT DAY... AN ASTOUNDING SIGHT



THEY'RE DRAGONS, FORSOOTH! BUT MY DRAGONS SHALL TRACK THEM DOWN!

SOON, IN THE MOUNTAIN-PEAK HIDEOUT TO WHICH THE THIEVES HAVE FLOWN...

BOSS, LOOK WHAT'S COMIN' - REAL DRAGONS!

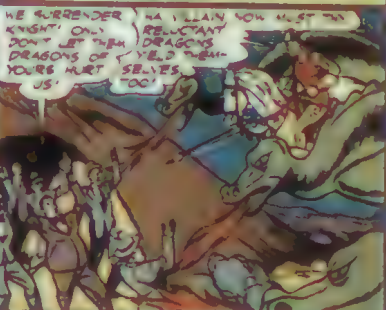
YOU'VE GOT BOSS LIKE OURS!



NO BOSS, REAL DRAGONS THAT BREATHE FIRE!

LET US SPEED AT THE HAZARDS, LET NONE OF THEM ESCAPE.

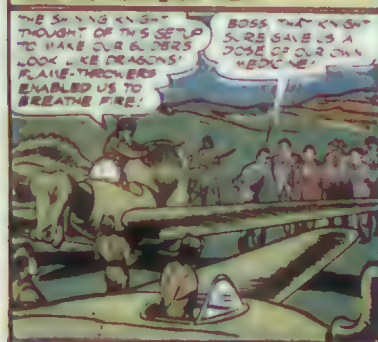
THE FIERY DRAGONS ROAR DOWN TO SNATCH THEIR CONQUERING PREY! PANIC SPREADS AMONG THE THIEVES...



WE SURRENDER! ONLY DON'T LET THEM DRAGONS OF YOURS HURT US!

HA! I'LLAIN NOW MUST THE RELUCTANT DRAGONS YIELD THEMSELVES TO US!

LATER... THE HANDCUFFED THIEVES LEARN WHAT HAS PRETENDED THEM!



THE SHINY KNIGHT THOUGHT OF THIS GELD TO HAVE OUR GUILDERS LOOK LIKE DRAGONS! PLAIN-THROATED ENABLED US TO BREATHE FIRE!

BOSS, THE KNIGHT SURE GAVE US A DOSE OF OUR OWN MEDICINE!

AND IN THE MUSEUM...



WE HAVE YOU FROM NOW ON TO THANK, OR MESSER, JUST IN FOR THE ANYBODY DOESN'T BELIEVE IN DRAGONS... HAVE HIM LOOK AT THIS!

NEXT MONTH...

VILLAINS MORE VICIOUS AND DANGEROUS THAN DRAGONS CRASH TO BARTH BEFORE THE SHINY KNIGHT'S GUSTING SWORD AND GLEAMING SPBAR! THRILL TO HIS CHIVALRY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ADVENTURE COMICS!

GENIUS JONES

By JAMES KIRK
and
L. SCOTT



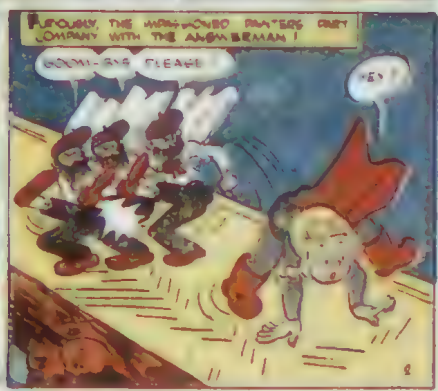
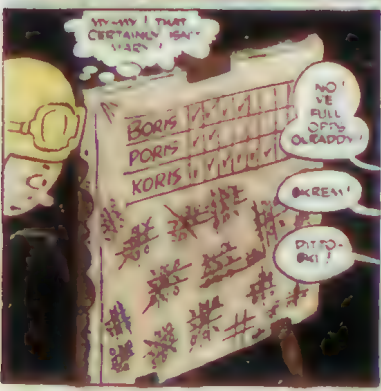
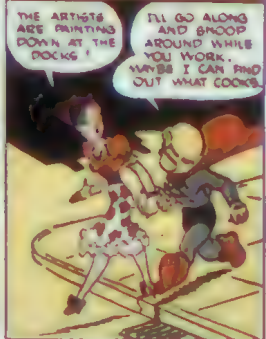
ROB MAN, POOR MAN, REGGAMAN AND THIEF ALL
DIED THEMSELVES OF JOHNNY JONES'S GENIUS



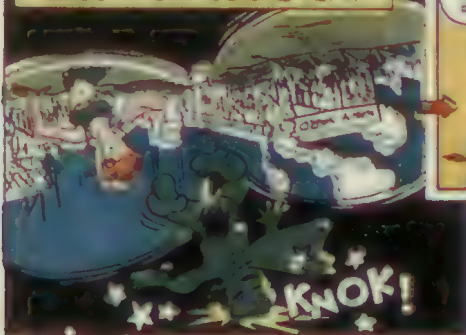
THEN ONE SUNNY AFTERNOON,
MARY BROWN VISITS STEPHEN JONES...



O-O-O, SOON AFTER, STEPHEN JONES
TURNS INTO...THE ANSWERMAN!



AS GENIUS LANDS ON HIS HEAD, BOMB THE EXPLOSION
AWAKENS HIM TO AN ASTONISHING FACT !!!



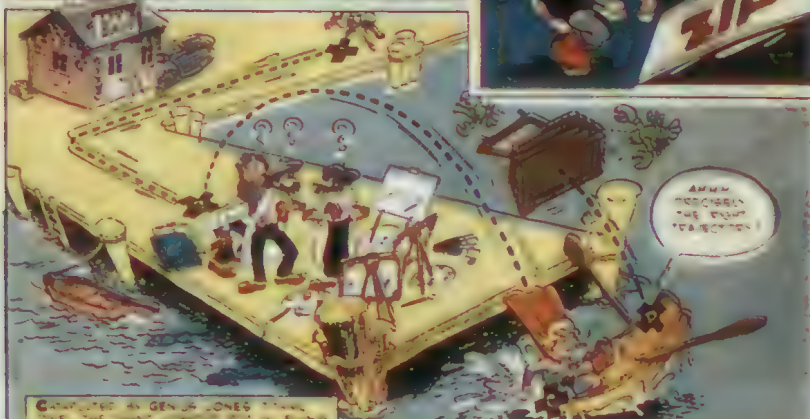
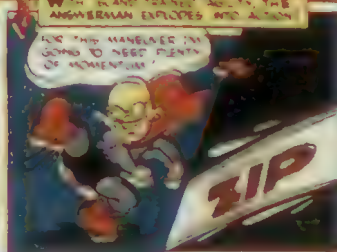
GENIUS! ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?



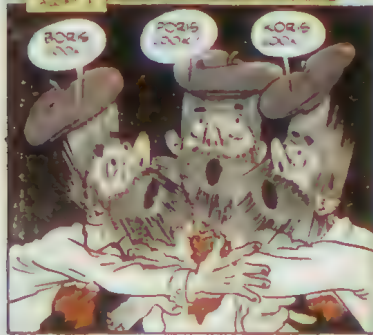
I AM MARY! PLEASE
STAND ASIDE! THIS
IS A SERIOUS MATTER
THAT NEEDS STEEN
WEAVER!

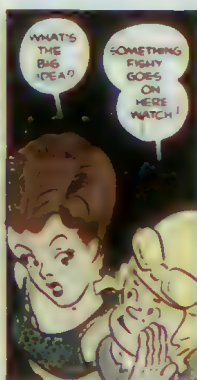
WITH BLIND TRAINED AGENTS, THE
ANSWERMAN EXPLODES INTO ACTION

FOR THIS MANEUVRE I'M
GOING TO NEED PLENTY
OF MOMENTUM!



CALCULATED BY GENIUS JONES THAT
THEY WERE ABOUT TO BE FOUND
AFTER 1





OUT A BARRAGE OF BRUTAL BLOWS
ENTER THE ARGUMENT!

WE HAVE BEEN
FOUNDT OUDT!
QUICK! WE MUST TAKE
CARE OF THEM! DOT
HST DER FAMOUS
GENIUS CHONES!



DIED IN THE HOLD OF THE BOAT, GENIUS
JONES AND MARY ARE TEACHTING!

DO VS
CHUST HANG
DEM HERE IN
DER BOILER
ROOM, HERR
BARON?

NEIN! VE
GOT DO US
TEV ANOTHER
LERNUNG! VE
OUR WORK AT
DER BARRAGE
HANG! HANG!



VEN DER
LANGE BURNS
DOWN DER WHOLE
HOUSEHOLD
BURNS UP,
JA?

DER HERR BARON
HAT A GREAT MAN!!!
HEIL DER BARON
VON HUSSENCHITZEL-
EPPORE!



ALONE IN THE HOLD AND WITH SPIT
WILLING TO HEAR THE ANSWER-
MAN MAKES A STRONG REASON!

WE GOT TO GO! WE
HAT LANGE OUT
BUT NOW? AM
I HAVE IT!
MARY PLEASE
NOW WE
HAPPY!



HATE
TO DO
THIS

THANKS!!!
THANKS



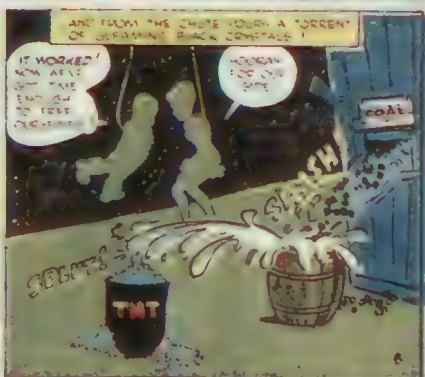
GENIUS JONES' FLYING FOOT SWINGS
ON TO KILL A BARON!

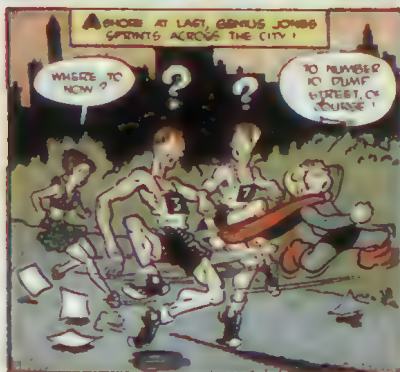


AND FROM THE CHUTE FOLLOWS A TORRENT
OF STREAMING BLACK CRYSTALS!

IT WORKED!
NOW AVE
GOT TAKE
END ON
TO FLEE
QUICKLY!

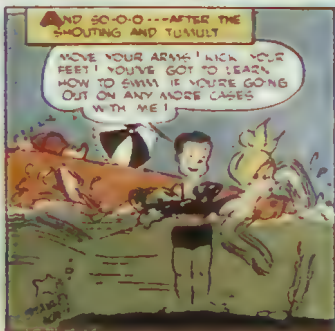
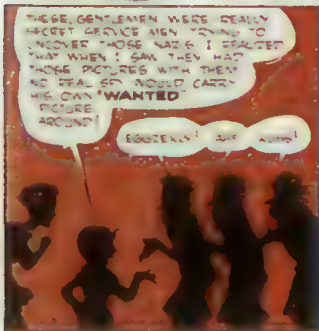
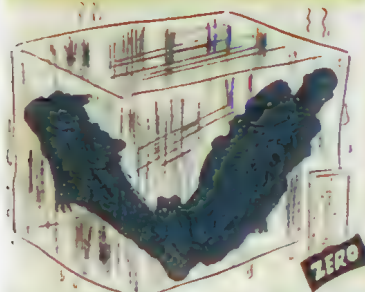
HOORAY
FOR OUR
SIDE







DOWN FELL THE PICTURES ON THE NATIS' HEADS, KNOCKING THEM COLD...YES, ALL OF THEM!

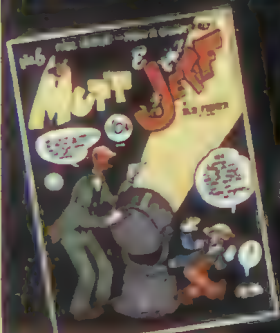


BE DOWN AT THE BEACH WITH GENIUS JONES TO MEET ELFONZO LOOP THE MAN WHO TRIED TO SWIM TO EUROPE, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ADVENTURE COMICS!

DON'T MISS YOUR FAVORITES!

NOW

ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!



LOOK FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR
THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!



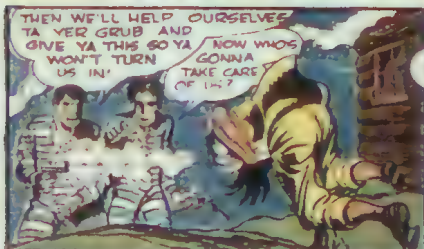
MANHUNTER

WHEN FRANKLIN RATE COSTS OF THE HUNTED IN THE ROLE "KILLS" AND WHEN MERCILESS KILLERS STALK THE MIGHTY TRAILSMAN THROUGH THE WILDERNESS OF AN ESCAPE, PROOF ISLAND THAT'S A GILT-EDGE QUARANTEE OF SPINE-TINGLING THRILLS GALORE! ALL THE GREAT CRIME-CRUSHER'S VAST KNOWLEDGE OF WOODLORE AND HIS FLASHING SPEED AND FIGHTING SKILL ARE NEEDED TO SAVE A BOY'S LIFE AND HIS OWN FROM THE TRIPLE THREAT "TERRORS OF MAN TRAP ISLAND"



BY
JOE SIMON
JACK KIRBY

HE HUNTS THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS GAME-MAN





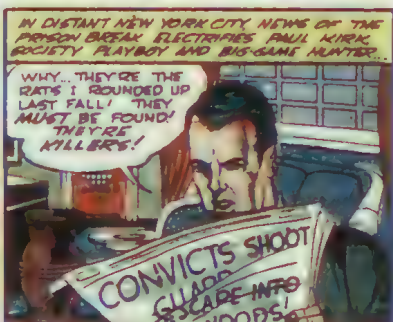
... AND SO THE GRIEF-STROKEN MANN
BOY BECOMES AN UNWILLING SERVANT
TO HIS FATHER'S SLAYERS.



THAT WELAND'LL
MAKE A SWELL HIDEOUT!
I'LL BET EVEN MANNHUNTER
CAN'T TRACK US
THERE!

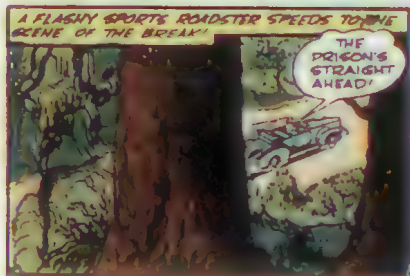


BEAR CUB
CAN WAIT! SOON
THESE BAD MEN
WILL BE SHOOTING
MY
FATHER!



WHY... THEY'RE THE
RATS I ROUNDED UP
LAST FALL! THEY
MUST BE FOUND!
THEY'RE
KILLERS!

CONVICTS SHOOT
GUARD
ESCAPE INTO
WOODS!

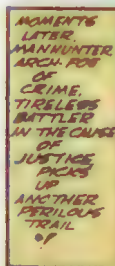


A FLASHY SPORTS ROADSTER SPEEDS TO THE
SCENE OF THE BREAK!

THE
PRISON'S
STRAIGHT
AHEAD!



IT'S TIME TO
STRIP FOR
ACTION!



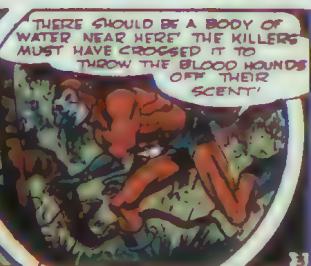
MOMENTS
LATER,
MANNHUNTER
ARCH FOR
OF
CRIME,
TIRELESS
BUTLER
IN THE CAUSE
OF
JUSTICE
PICKS
UP
ANOTHER
PERILOUS
TRAIL
OF



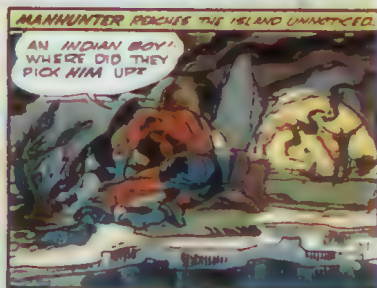
THEY WENT INTO THOSE
WOODS BUT THE HOUNDS
LOST EM! I
WAS WONDER-
ING HOW
TO REACH
YOU!



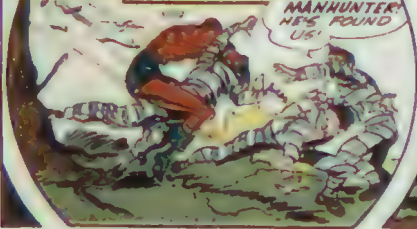
IF THEY'RE STILL
ALIVE... GET
THEM, BARDEN!
OR I WON'T
COME
BACK!



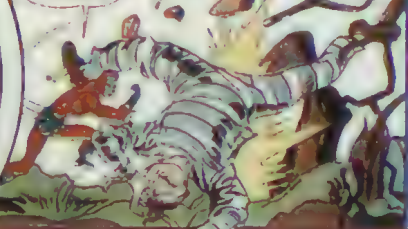
THERE SHOULD BE A BODY OF
WATER NEAR HERE! THE KILLERS
MUST HAVE CROSSED IT TO
THROW THE BLOOD HOUNDS
OFF THEIR
SCENT!



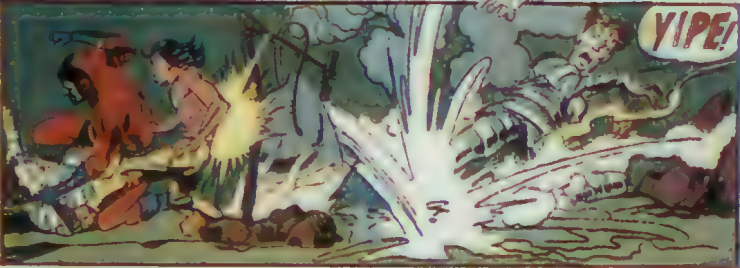
CLIMBING A TREE OVERLOOKING THE VICIOUS
FUGITIVES, MANHUNTER POUNCES IN THEIR
MIDST LIKE A PANTHER AMONG A GROUP OF
JACKALS!



NONE OF
THAT STUFF
TURKEL!



STARTLED BY THE
SUDDEN
TURN
OF
EVENTS
BEAR
GRAB
UPSETS
THE
HOT
OF
BOILING
WATER
ON
RINGO!



YA CLUMSY
INJUN
BRAT!



MANHUNTER WHIRLS TO AVENGE
THE CONARDLY BLOW!



OUT O' MY
WAY, TURKEL!
I'M GOIN TA
PLUG HIM!
HE ALMOST
BUSTED MY
JAW!



HOLD YER FIRE!
WE'LL BUMP HIM
OFF SURE!
-- BUT WE'LL
DO IT
HIS WAY
!!

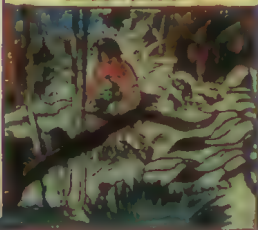
WE GOT THE ONLY
GUNS ON THIS
ISLAND! WE'LL
TURN HIM
LOOSE AND
HUNT HIM
DOWN!



FIRST
WE'LL
QUIET
HIM
DOWN
!!



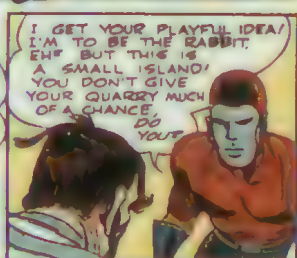
SEEMS HIS RESCUE CRUMBLY
BEAR CLUB CREEPS INTO THE
HANDS OF HIS



WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO
THE FOLLEN MANHUNTER, HE SEES...

O.O.O.H! YOU
CERTAINLY WIELD
A MEAN
CLUB!

WELL! WELL!
YOU WOKED UP
JUST IN TIME
MANHUNTING!
DE BOYS AND
I ARE GONNA
PLAY "HUNT
DE RABBIT
WITCHA!



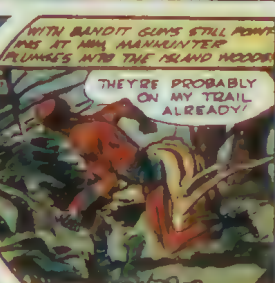
I GET YOUR PLAYFUL IDEA!
I'M TO BE THE RABBIT.
EHE! BUT THIS IS
A SMALL ISLAND!
YOU DON'T GIVE
YOUR QUARRY MUCH
OF A CHANCE
DO YOU?



WE DON'T INTEND
TO! Y-SEE, DE BOYS
WANTED TA KNOCK
YA OFF BEFORE, BUT
I THOUGHT IT'D BE
MORE FUN IF WE
PLAY CAT AND MOUSE
FOR A LITTLE
WHILE!

OKAY,
TUTKEL!
YOU'RE ON!

I'M ASKING
NO QUARTER
— JUST A
FIVE
MINUTE
START!



WITH BANDIT GUNS STILL POINT-
ING AT HIM, MANHUNTER
PLUNGES INTO THE ISLAND WOODS.

THEY'RE PROBABLY
ON MY TRAIL
ALREADY!



I'LL MAKE THEM
WISH THEY'D GONE
ON A NICE, MILD
TIGER HUNT INSTEAD



ON YER TOES, YOU LUGS!
DHS NEW GAME IS FUN, BUT
IT'S DANGEROUS... WE'RE
HUNTIN' DE SMARTEST
OF ALL ANIMALS. MAN!
SO SHOOT
TO KILL!

MEANWHILE MANHUNTER PUNGES IN HIS FLIGHT AS THE INDIAN BOY DARTS TOWARD HIM FROM THE FOREST'S DEPTHS!

THE INDIAN BOY AGAIN! I WAS WONDERING WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU!

BEAR CUB HAS SCOUTED ISLAND! THE MEN HAVE FANNED OUT TO CUT OFF ALL PATHS OF ESCAPE!

ONE OF THEM IS COMING THROUGH THE CENTER OF THE WOODS WHILE THE OTHER TWO TAKE BOTH SIDES OF THE ISLAND!

THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME BUT I THINK I CAN MANAGE TO TAKE CARE OF ALL THREE OF THOSE RATS!

DISCOVERED THAT THEIR HUMAN QUARRY IS HELPLESS BEFORE THEIR GUNS THE KILLERS FORGET MANHUNTER'S RESOURCEFUL INGENUITY IN DEALING WITH WILD JUNGLE BEASTS!

WITHOUT A KNIFE THIS IS A BIT CRUDE, BUT I THINK IT WILL SERVE THE PURPOSE!

HOW DOES IT WORK?

JUST WATCH... YOU'LL SEE IN A MINUTE!

NEAR THE ISLAND SHORE, ROCKY IS SUDDENLY STARTLED BY A NOISE IN THE UNDERBUSH!

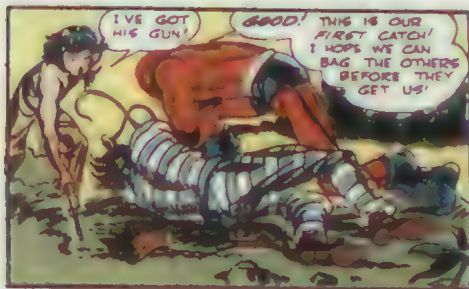
ALL I WANT IS FIRST CRACK AT HIM! WHAT WAS THAT?

ROCKY RUSHES INTO THE BUSHES... HIS TRIGGER FINGER TIGHTENING ON HIS GUN!

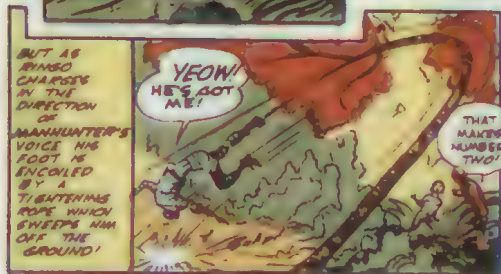
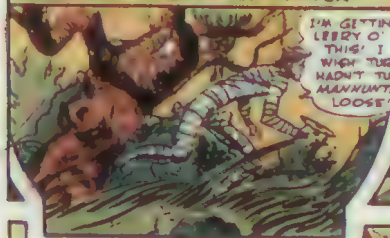
MANHUNTER'S GLOVE!

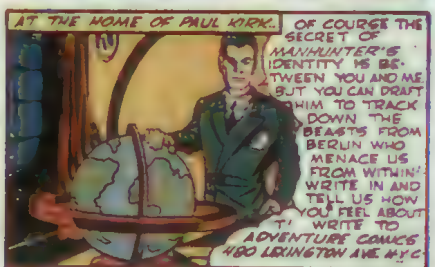
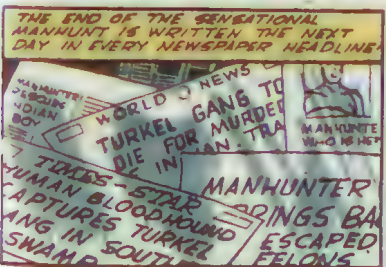
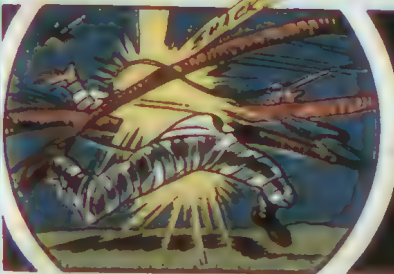
IF HE'S SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE I'LL GET HIM!

SLICK!



A TREMOR OF FEAR CHILLS RINGO DABANY'S SPINE AS HE PEEKS THROUGH THE FOREST GLOOM. EVEN HIS WEAPON CANNOT OFFER ASSURANCE AGAINST MANHUNTER!





GOOD OLD JOE

by Bill Ayres

IN PEACETIME, one can really enjoy the thrill of watching combat planes in practice. And this was peacetime to the pilot observers, to the grounds crews, and workers on the West Army field.

But was this peace? Was not a war, a new war, about to be waged? On one side, life; on the other, death. Fate, watching with the appreciative observers, smiled knowingly as the two silver flashes in the sky zoomed and looped and spun, like two winged birds frolicking after release from the nest.

Below, the sounds of mechanics' hammers blended with the roar of acetylene torches as busy workers tinkered with planes. Suddenly, a cry came from the throats of the observers. A moment later the hoarse bellow of a siren split the air, followed by the clamorous clatter of a fire wagon bell.

"He's crashing. His wings have buckled!"

It was not play now. Not a display of skill and daring. Death was riding the clouds; for the wings of one of the planes had snapped in mid-air.

Down it came with a blood-freezing scream. It burrowed its proud nose into the earth, sending up a spray of dirt.

A pilot had lost his life.

Naturally, the papers took it up. People everywhere spoke of the accident. Something would have to be done. A fine flyer had been lost to the Army. It must not happen again!

But what to do? Men with stars on their shoulders, men with maple leaves on their uniforms, and men without in-

signia bent their minds to the problem: for each one knew the stark significance of the accident: it meant that fledglings would hesitate to try their wings.

The days lengthened into weeks before the one thing that would help arrived at an Army field.

They called him Dummy Joe, then, because he never talked. There was something that made the pilots like Joe the moment he appeared on the field. There was something about him that inspired confidence, and the men who had been in France and narrowly escaped with their lives, knew that here was someone who understood their problems.

In Joe's face wasn't intelligence, but he seemed to know what a pilot wanted. His uniform, rustled up from a Quartermaster's stores, had been long relegated to the limbo of the unwanted. Soldiers wore such a uniform in 1917, but in 1922 things had changed.

True, flying was yet in its infancy despite a glorious record overseas. The lighter-than-air craft, like the big Zep that was used to bomb London was still thought to be practicable. But far-seeing military men were beginning to be concerned with other things. Congress had bestirred itself and was appropriating money, for the development of engines.

Joe never complained about this, nor did he mention the importance of his job. In fact, it wouldn't have done much good, for Joe's branch of service, the Parachute Branch, was

like an unwanted step-child. People seemed to feel that if a pilot took off in a plane, he could also find a way to bring it down. They never thought that nature and mechanical difficulties could score considerable kayoes.

That's the way things stood when Joe showed up at the field, some time after the brave flyer lost his life.

There were some people on the field who laughed at him, the first day he went up into the skies. But those who remember swear that he had a confident look on his face. If he had to make a jump, they said, his whole attitude remarked that he'd come down safely.

And that's more than a lot of flyers did in '22, take it from the records in the War Department.

Sure, lots of men had their lives saved by parachutes. Some swore by the bulky, unwieldy things they slung so carelessly into the cockpits and when they worked they said, "We told you so."

Just as though the engineers were all wrong! Just as though the engineers weren't working night and day to make something that would open more promptly, be more comfortable to wear, to be stronger without causing added weight, and to be lighter without weakening.

Joe changed all that. You could see it coming when he made his first jump, that memorable afternoon. And he made it all right, although the onlookers didn't know that it was but the first of many.

For Joe was soon to be the

et of the engineers. They looked around him, these scientists of safety, and he listened to them knowingly. Yet not once did he venture an opinion.

Joe's popularity was one thing. But success, ever-elusive, was another. It can be safely said that Joe never went aloft without people below watching him. And when the time came for Joe to bail out, and he hit ground, safe and sound, there was always someone around to welcome him.

* * *

As the years went by, the lines on his face deepened, and the patches on his tattered uniform lengthened. But fair weather or foul, he was on call for his friends, the parachute engineers, or the pilots. It almost seemed as though the sound of an engine revving in a warm-up acted on him like a fire alarm to an old fire horse.

Nobody knew for a long time that Joe's first unostentatious appearance on the flying field wasn't his first hitch. He never spoke about it, and the boys had to find out from the engineers that Joe had been in since 1918. And that in 1920 he had done some mighty fancy jumping.

No, they'd never have found it out from Joe because he just wouldn't talk. Not a word passed his lips about the hundreds of live test jumps he had made, the many hours of labor he had devoted to the furtherance of the service and his country. Any other recruit would have been wearing sleeve stripes, but not Joe. His bruises were his stripes and he wore them proudly.

It didn't seem natural that Joe could violate so many beliefs in gravity. People couldn't believe that a man hurtling through the air, at wind-whistling speed, could locate without difficulty a release ring in the left side of his parachute and open it by pulling. It was definitely opposed to all theories of falling live bodies.

But Joe showed them. His work was finally vindicated when seven months after the untimely death of the flying officer, another plane failed in the sky.

This was the thing for which Joe and his pals, the engineers, had been waiting. A chance to show the world that despite an engine failing, a wing breaking off, a rudder snapping—a pilot could live to go aloft again.

It was early morning when one of the officers in Joe's squadron went aloft to test a new type of aileron.

Joe was on the field then, in his accustomed place. Miles above him, the gleaming silver bird went into a turn. Then, suddenly, it quivered, its engine raced and roared, shaking the frail ship with a violence that jerked the control stick from the officer's grasp.

* * *

The pilot tried frantically to control it, managed to throw the ship into a steep climb. There was a sharp crack! The wings buckled, split apart.

Instantly, the wounded ship nosed to the earth, like a stricken bird striving to escape an inevitable fate but wanting still to die on the bosom of Mother Earth.

Joe sat motionless. Now was the time for the pilot to vindicate him. Would he do it? Did he dare? This pilot had never made a practice jump!

And then, a figure appearing in the vast expanse of sky, occupied Joe's vision! It was the pilot! He was jumping! Down, down, he plummeted. Would he never pull the release ring? Had something happened? Were all those demonstration jumps Joe had made to be in vain?

* * *

Suddenly, the frail figure in the sky stiffened and, like a huge flower blossoming, a panoply of silk billowed above its head. The wind rushed into it, filling it. The falling speed of

the figure slackened, bore the pilot earthward.

He was unhurt when his comrades rushed to him. Unhurt and happy, while not far from him, in ignominious splinters was the ship that had borne him into the skies.

Joe betrayed no excitement, uttered no word as the happy group of pilots passed. He knew that nothing would happen, for hadn't he made five thousand jumps to prove that parachutes at last were safe? That now an American pilot cannot go up in the air without one?

* * *

Joe couldn't see into the future, of course. He couldn't know that the day was coming when air-borne troops would form an important part of military tactics; that passenger planes would pack his precious umbrella as required safety equipment; that every pilot would have one strapped securely around him and nestling at the seat of his flying toga.

No, Joe couldn't see into the future, anymore than he could talk. For Joe was what they called him, a dummy! Without this man-made creature of straw and old rags, parachutes wouldn't be as safe as they are today.

* * *

Dummy Joe! Today, in air training fields, they call Joe's offspring by many names, all of them affectionate: "Kid Boots", "The Colonel", "Old Box". And by watching these pliant progeny, the fledgling learns how his life can be saved, how he can come from the sky to the earth in troop movements—such are the things the wing aspirant learns.

And he learns, too, to respect and love the name of Dummy Joe, because the old man's bruises are still the only real stripes—the stripes of safety!

Happy landings, Joe!

the end

HOURLMAN

THORNDYKE

by
BERNARD
BAILY

IN EVERY STORY UP TO NOW REX TYLER, INNOCENT-UNASSUMING CITIZEN HAS DISGUISED HIMSELF AS HOURLMAN - THE MASKED CO-LEADER TO SEE THAT JUSTICE IS DONE WELL - HERE'S ONE THAT'S EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE --- A TALE OF THE TIME WHEN HOURLMAN HAD TO DISGUISE HIMSELF AS REX TYLER TO CRACK... THE CASE OF THE SPONSORED CROOKS!

OUR STORY OPENS IN THE WERD LIGHT OF MIRACLO -- MIRACULOUS RAY OF POWER THAT TURNS REX TYLER INTO... HOURLMAN

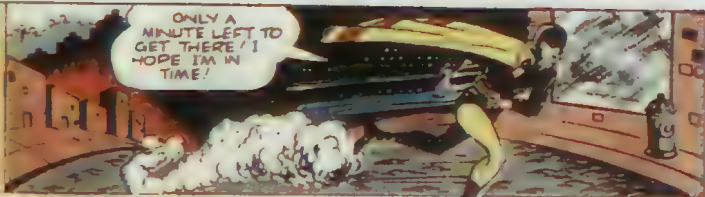
NO, THORNDYKE, YOU CAN'T COME WITH ME ON THIS CASE! IT'S FOR HOURLMAN ALONE TO HANDLE!

SO YOU STAY HOME AND BEHAVE YOURSELF! I'LL HANDLE THIS ALONE!

AWWW! IT'S SABOTAGE THAT'S WHAT IS IT! I'LL GO ON STRIKE! I'LL PICKET THE PLACE!



WITH THE
BLURRING
SPEED OF
LIGHT,
HOURMAN
STREAKS
ACROSS
THE CITY TO
A STRANGE
DESTINATION.



ONLY A
MINUTE LEFT TO
GET THERE! I
HOPE I'M IN
TIME!

TO A RADIO SHOW---THE RADIO
TREASURE HUNT--- WHERE
HOURMAN IS TO BE GUEST OF
HONOR!

AHH! EXACTLY ON
THE HOUR! LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN, PERMIT
ME TO PRESENT--

IT'S A
HONOR
TO APPEAR
ON YOUR
PROGRAM!



OUR OTHER GUESTS TONIGHT ARE
EQUALLY FAMOUS IN THE WORLD
OF WEALTH AND INDUSTRY--
JOHN BROWN, PETER FRY,
EARL ADAMS, AND MARY
MODE!



YOU ALL KNOW OUR
PROGRAM! EACH CONTESTANT
IS ASSIGNED TO BRING BACK SOME
ODD THING TO THE STUDIO WITHIN
ONE HOUR-- TONIGHT, A SPECIAL
PRIZE OF \$1,000 WILL BE
OFFERED TO THE WINNER!



AS THE SHOW'S SPONSOR HANDS
OVER THE SLIP, THE ANNOUNCER
READS OFF THE TASKS OF THE
RADIO TREASURE HUNTERS--

NOW FOR THE ASSIGNMENTS WHICH,
UNTIL THIS MOMENT HAVE BEEN
KNOWN ONLY BY THE SPONSOR--
MR BROWN IS TO BRING BACK A
USED BABY-CARRIAGE.
MR. FRY MUST GET A
CHINESE NEWSPAPER!

WOW!



MR ADAMS' ASSIGNMENT
CALLS FOR THREE BACK COPIES
OF ADVENTURE COMICS--
MISS MODE WILL GO TO GRANT'S
TOMB WHERE SHE'LL FIND AN
ENVELOPE TELLING HER WHAT TO
GET!

GOOD HEAVENS!
IT'LL BE IMPOSSIBLE
TO OBTAIN BACK
ISSUES OF
ADVENTURE
COMICS.
THE KIDS WON'T
PART WITH THEM!



AND HOURMAN HAS
A PROBLEM IN MENTAL
ARITHMETIC THAT WILL KEEP
HIM IN THE STUDIO! HE IS TO
MULTIPLY 725,958,238,096,
074,907,849,531,656,993,
638,851,106 BY ITSELF!

WOW!



TO MAKE SURE HOURMAN DOES
THIS WITH OUT PENCIL OR PAPER,
WE ARE LOCKING HIM IN THIS EMPTY
ROOM! THE DOOR ON THE OTHER SIDE IS
LOCKED AND THE KEYHOLE PLUGGED
WITH LEAD!



BUT AS HOURMAN PASSES THE RADIO CONTROL BOOTH ON THE WAY TO HIS ARITHMETIC CHAMBER...

CALLING ALL CARS!
STORE OF JOHN
BROWN, JEWELER,
ROBBED BY
CROOKS!!

WHAT'S THAT?
BROWN ROBBED
WHILE HE'S ON
THIS PROGRAM?
BUT WHY IS THAT
SHORT WAVE PICK-
UP OPERATING HERE?
THAT'S UNUSUAL!

STEP RIGHT
IN, HOURMAN!
GOOD LUCK!

WHY SHOULD ANYONE
HERE WANT TO TUNE
IN ON THE POLICE UNLESS
SOMETHING FISHY WAS
GOING ON? I'VE GOT TO
CHECK ON THIS!

BEHIND
LOCKED DOORS,
HOURMAN
REMOVES
HIS
PORTABLE
MICROPHONE
TRANSMITTER
FROM
HIS
BELT---

CALLING THORNDYKE!
CALLING THORNDYKE!
MEET ME IN STREET
ALONGSIDE RADIO
BUILDING! CASE
PENDING---

THEY MAY HAVE
PLUGGED THE LOCK
WITH LEAD, BUT
THEY FORGOT
THE HINGES!
THAT'S HOW I'M
GETTING OUT!

WHOA!
WAIT A MINUTE!
IF ANYONE SEES
ME OUTSIDE AS
HOURMAN,
I'LL BE DISQUALIFIED
AND CHARITY CAN'T
AFFORD TO LOSE
THAT PRIZE!

SO... BEFORE THE SOARING
RADIO BUILDING, REA TYLER
APPEARS TO KEEP HOURMAN
DATE!

-AND HOW
DID YOU GET
OUT OF
THAT ROOM!

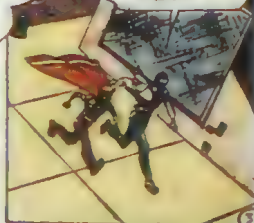
NEVER MIND!
I'LL EXPLAIN
LATER! RIGHT NOW
I'VE A SUSPICION
SOMEONE CONNECTED
WITH THIS BROADCAST
IS RUNNING A RACKET
ON THE SIDE--ROBBING
THE CONTESTANTS
WHILE THEY'RE BUSY
WITH THE TREASURE
HUNT!

BUT WHERE
ARE WE
GOING?

PETER FRY'S
CANDY WARE-
HOUSE IS
CLOSEST TO
BROWN'S
JEWELRY STORE!
I'VE A HUNCH
THE CROOKS
WILL GO THERE
NEXT!

HELLO, THORNDYKE!
LET'S GO!
WE'VE
GOT
WORK
TO DO!

REX!
YOU SWITCHED--
YOU'RE OUT
OF UNIFORM!



REX TYLER'S
QUICK THINKING
PICKS UP THE
TRAIL OF THE
CROOKS AT
THE PETER
FRY CANDY
CO.---

YOUR HUNCH
WAS RIGHT REX!
THERE THEY ARE!
BUT WHAT CAN
YOU STEAL FROM
A CANDY STORE
-- CANDY?

PETER FRY
CANDY CO

SOMETHING
MORE VALUABLE
THAN MONEY
TODAY-- SUGAR
RATION CARDS!

GEE, THE BOSS
IS FIGURING OUT
THIS RACKET!
NOW WE KNOW
FRY AIN'T
GONNA BUTT
IN ON US!

YEAH,
LISTEN!

THIS IS THE
RADIO TREASURE
HUNT, FOLKS--
HOURMAN'S STILL
IN HIS ROOM,
TRYING TO GET
HIS PROBLEM
FINISHED-- PETER
FRY IS SOME-
WHERE ON THE
EAST SIDE!

HOPE
YOU DON'T
MIND IF WE
DOUBLE FOR
MR FRY!

DIS AINT
NOBODY,
JAKE
OUCH!



OH, DAT'S
OKAY, THEN!
I WUZ AFRAID
IT WOULD BE
HOURMAN

UTTERING WILD AND WOOLLY
FELLS, AND WIELDING A
TANTIC CLUB OF TAFFY,
THORN DYKE CHARGES...

LOOK OUT FOR
THE BOYS, I'M
THE CANDY KID!



YUM-YUM--
CHAWKIT!

SUDDENLY!

ALL RIGHT, YOUSE
GUYS! DON'T MAKE
ANOTHER MOVE
OR I'LL FILL YA
WITH LEAD!

OH-
OH!

HOURMAN
IS STILL
SAFELY
LOCKED
UP...

YOU'RE NOT
SO TOUGH,
PANTY-WAIST!
THAT'S A
CANDY GUN!



NICE
WORK,
CANDY
KID!





INSIDE THE OFFICES OF THE ADAMS ACCOUNTING CO., WEALTHY BUSINESS CENTER OF THE CITY!

THESE THUGS HAVE A CLEVER PLAN! THEY ROB THE PEOPLE WHO ARE SENT THROUGHOUT THE CITY BY THE RADIO PROGRAM! THE BROADCAST KEEPS THEM TIPPED OFF!

THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE THORNDYKE! KEEP QUIET!

SURE! ONLY I WONDER IF I GOT TIME TO USE THIS ADDING MACHINE --?

WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT?

SWIFTLY, THORNDYKE'S FINGERS STRIKE THE ADDING MACHINE KEYS, AND AS THE THUGS ENTER--

OH-OH-- EXCUSE IT, PLEASE!

IT MUST BE THEM GUYS AGAIN!



--- I'LL BET
NONE OF OUR
CONTESTANTS
EVER HAD SO
MUCH FUN
AS THEY'RE
HAVING
NOW!

HOW DO
WE KNOW
IT'S SAFE
TO HOIST
THIS MARY
MOORE'S PLACE
NOW! SHE MAY
TURN UP ANY
MINUTE!

NOW! THE BOSS
TOLD ME WHEN
THE GETS THAT
LETTER IN
GRANT'S
TOMB I'LL
SEND HER
"A
BROOKLYN!"

IN THE GRIM SILENCE, A GUTTERING
CANDLE BURNS EVEN CLOSER TO-
DISASTER AND DEATH!

WHAT A RACKET! YOU WERE RIGHT,
REX! THEY LURE RICH PEOPLE AWAY ON
WILD-GOOSE CHASES AND ROB EM...
THE THUGS ARE PROBABLY TIPPED
OFF BY THAT ANNOUNCER...

WE'RE TOO FAR AWAY
TO BLOW OUT THE
CANDLE!

REX!
DON'T
JUST SIT
THERE!
DO
SOMETHING

WHAT! -- OH...
HERE, THIS'LL GET
US OUT!

AS REX'S FEET TOUCH A KEY THE GIANT
TYPE WRITER SLIDES SWIFTLY ACROSS
IT'S CARRIAGE...

THE CANDLE WILL
LAND UNDER YOUR CHAIR!
YOU CAN BURN YOUR
RODES LOOSE!

NICE WORK, REX!
NOW LET'S GET THEM
THUGS AND THAT
DOUBLE-CROSSING
ANNOUNCER...!

LET'S
GO

FREE AGAIN!! BUT TYLER'S TIME IS
RUNNING SHORT!

GOLLY! ONLY
FIFTEEN MINUTES
LEFT TO MY HOUR
AND I'VE GOT TO
STOP THOSE
THUGS, GET BACK
TO THE STATION,
AND GIVE AN
ANSWER TO
THAT PROBLEM

OKAY, THEN,
HOURMAN...
TURN INTO A
QUARTER-
HOURMAN!

AT MAISON MODE--PERFUME MECCA OF THE FASHION WORLD, WHERE A TINY BOTTLE CAN CONTAIN A FORTUNE!

THERE THEY ARE!

LET'S MAKE THIS A FAST FIGHT, THORNDYKE! I HAVEN'T ANY TIME FOR FOOLING!



TRY THIS ON YOUR SMELLER, FRIEND!

THEM GUYS AGAIN!

OUCH!

WOULD MONSIEUR CARE FOR A SNIFTER OF THIS DEE-COLOG-NEE?

CUT THE COMEDY, THORNDYKE! THAT STUFF COSTS A FORTUNE!

THORNDYKE! MAKE SURE WE DON'T BREAK ANYTHING! I'LL COST MISS MODE PLenty!

WOW! GOTTA! THEN DON'T PUNCH SO HARD, REX! JUST DUST 'EM OFF!

HOW CAN I PULL MY PUNCHES WHEN I'VE GOT TO PULL OUT OF HERE IN ANOTHER MINUTE?

GOLLY LOOK WHAT YOU STARTED!

I GOTTA HEAD THIS ONE OFF, I GOTTA!

SAVED!

NICE WORK! NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! THE COPS ARE COMING TO TAKE OVER!

LEAVING THE THUGS TO THE POLICE,
REX TYLER AND THORNDYKE HEAD
BACK TO THE BROADCASTING STUDIO

NOW GO AROUND
TO THE SPECTATORS'
PART OF THE STUDIO
AND FOLLOW THE
INSTRUCTIONS I
GAVE YOU / I'M GOING
TO CHANGE BACK
TO HOURMAN!

REX! WHAT
ABOUT THE
ANSWER TO YOUR
PROBLEM! YOU
CAN'T FIGURE THAT
OUT IN A MINUTE!

OH, I'VE
GOT IT ALREADY!
I FIGURED IT OUT
DURING THE
TIME WE WERE
TRAPPED!

TIME'S UP,
HOURMAN!
GOT THE
ANSWER?

IN ANSWER TO THE
ANNOUNCER'S CALL,
HOURMAN STEPS OUT
ON THE RADIO STAGE!

427, 015,
363, 459, 557,
395, 673, 733,
542, 639, 591,
721, 213, 249,
966, 079, 307,
524, 904, 341,
599, 499, 251,
637, 236!

RIGHT!
HE WINS
A
THOUSAND
DOLLARS

THEN... AN ABRUPT INTERRUPTION!

STOP THAT
MAN... YOUR
SPONSOR
IS THE HEAD
OF A GANG OF
THIEVES WHO
ROB THE GUESTS
WHILE THEY
ATTEND THE
PROGRAM!

WHA...?
WHO
RATTED
ON ME!

BUT HOW DO
YOU KNOW THIS
MAN IS GUILTY,
MY BRAVE LITTLE
MAN?

BECAUSE THE THUGS
KNEW IN ADVANCE WHAT
WOULD BE IN MISS MODE'S...
ENVELOPE OF INSTRUCTIONS,
DON'T YOU SEE? ----
AND ONLY THE SPONSOR
KNEW HER ASSIGNMENT!

AS THE POLICE
SWEEP UP...

-- NINE--
A THOUSAND!
RIGHT!
CHARITY
GETS
THIS

WELL! THIS
IS ONE CASE
HOURMAN
HAD NOTHING
TO DO WITH!

OH, YEAH?

BERNARD
BABY...

HEY, FELLERS!

HAVE YOU SEEN
THAT NEW FEATURE
CALLED

AMERICOMMANDO
IT'S SENSATIONAL!

YOU'LL FIND IT
EVERY MONTH IN
ACTION COMICS!
HURRY AND GET YOUR
COPY! —Thorndyke

CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

Get it the American Way



"TAKE-ME-ALONG" GIRL'S OVERNIGHT CASE
The smartest new travel aid, with dozens of uses. Alligator grain covering, mirror in lid, bracket tray. Sell only one order.



NEW TYPE CANDID CAMERA Easy to focus, quick in operation. Given for selling only one order.



WEIST WATCH for boys, girls, men and women. Given for selling only one order, plus 75c extra.



ELECTRIC MOVIE OUT-FIT with film. Given for selling only one order, plus 50c extra. Show movies at home.



You can be a straight shooting cowboy with this Gene Autry holster, cap pistol, handkerchief and hat. All given for selling only one order, plus 75c extra.



YALE FOOTBALL SET
Official size football and pump given for selling only one order.



U.S. ARMY OUTFIT Belt, holster and army. Given for selling only one order.



Given for selling only one order. Sent express collect. **SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED**



VICTORY WATCH & P.O.S.
Newest type watch with track dial & red second indicator. Sell only one order.



VICTORY LIGHT
Easily carried flashlight with three lenses. Given for selling only one order.

OTHER PRIZES YOU CAN GET
by our plan, as explained in our Big Prize Catalog.

- Airplanes
- Tailer & Manicure Set
- Ice Skates
- Electric Football
- Guns
- Gene Autry Guitar
- Mentle Clock
- Electric Lamp
- O-Man Set
- "Sleepy-head" Ball
- Chemistry Set
- 22-pc. Dinner Set
- World Globe

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY "AMERICAN" WAY!

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swif prizes for yourself and gifts for Mother and Dad.

Most prizes shown above, and dozens of others in our Big Prize Catalog are **GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST** for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in **BIG PRIZE CATALOG**.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Xmas seals in brilliant colors—a big value! When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Catalog.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Catalog—tell us what prize you want. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU!**

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 707, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 707, LANCASTER, PA.

Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and an order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____

Be a RADIO Technician

I Train Beginners at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs More Now Make \$30 \$40 \$50 a Week Than Ever Before

J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Established 27 years

He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.

Get Services pays many N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians \$20, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 extra a week in spare time.

Here is a quick way to more pay. Radio offers a way to make \$5, \$10 a week extra in spare time a few months from now, plus the opportunity for a permanent job in the growing Radio Industry. There is an increasing demand for full time Radio Technicians and Radio Operators. Many make \$20, \$40, \$50 a week. Clip the Coupon below and mail it. Find out how I train you at home for these opportunities.

Jobs Like These Go To Men Who Know Radio

The 500 broadcasting stations in the U. S. employ Radio Technicians and Operators with average pay among the country's best paid industries. The Radio repair business is booming now because manufacturers have stopped making new home and auto radios and the country's 17,000,000 sets are getting older, requiring more repairs, new tubes, parts. Many N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians take advantage of the opportunities to have their own full time or spare time Radio service businesses. The Government needs many Civilian Radio Technicians. Radio factories employ thousands of trained technicians as they rush to fill millions of dollars worth of Government orders. Think of the many good jobs in connection with Airlines, Commercial, Police Radio and Public Address Systems. N.R.I. gives you the required knowledge for these jobs. N.R.I. trains you to be ready when Television opens jobs in the future. The N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians make good money because they use their heads as well as their hands. They are **THOROUGHLY TRAINED**. Many N.R.I. trained men hold their regular jobs, and make extra money fixing Radio sets in spare time.

Beginners Soon Learn to Make \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

Nearly every neighborhood offers opportunities for a good part time Radio Technician to make extra money fixing Radio sets. I give you special training to show you how to start working in on these opportunities early. You get Radio parts and instructions for building test equipment for conducting

experiments which give you valuable practical experience. My 50-50 method—half working with Radio parts, half studying my lesson tests—makes learning Radio at home interesting, fascinating, practical.

Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too

Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the Coupon Now! Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duty at pay up to several times a private's base pay. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after service ends. **IT'S SMART TO TRAIN YOUR RADIO NOW!**

Find Out How N.R.I. Teaches Radio and Television

Act today. Mail coupon now for 64-page Book. It's FREE. It points out Radio's spare time and full time opportunities and those coming in Television; tells about my Course in Radio and Television; shows more than 100 letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing and earning. Find out what Radio offers you. Mail coupon to envelope or paste on penny postcard—NOW.

J. E. SMITH, President National Radio Institute

Dept. 2MB9
Washington,
D. C.

THIS FREE BOOK HAS HELPED HUNDREDS OF MEN MAKE MORE MONEY

RICH REWARDS IN RADIO

TRAINING MEN FOR VITAL JOBS

FREE TO MEN WHO WANT BETTER JOBS

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Mail me FREE without obligation, your 64 page book "Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

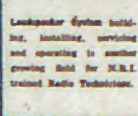
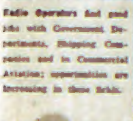
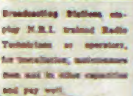
NAME.....

AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....



Trained These Men

\$10 a Week in Spare Time

"I repaired some Radio sets when I was on my tenth lesson. I really don't see how you can give me such a small amount of money. I made fifty in a year and a half, and I have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time."
JOHN JERRY, 1720 Tenth St., Detroit, Michigan.

Had Own Business 4 Months After Enrolling

"I went into business for myself 4 months after enrolling. In my Radio repair shop, I do about \$100 worth of business a month. I can't tell you how valuable your Course has been to me."
—A. J. BAYEN, Box 1363, Gladewater, Texas.

Sergeant in Signal Corps

"I am now a Sergeant in the U. S. Army, Signal Corps. My studies under Radio operating, maintenance of Army Transmitters and Receivers, operating Telephones, handling duties of the Chief Operator in his department."
SERGEANT RICHARD W. ANDERSON, U.S. Army. (Address omitted for military reasons.)



ENERGY

THAT'S READY FOR ACTION!



FAST TO GET THERE • FAST TO GET AWAY!

The CRUISER, the favorite "toughie" of Uncle Sam's navy, "has what it takes" to go in and out of dangerous waters. In time of war—she's geared for action—she's jammed full of energy—energy generated from fuel fed her intricate engines.

HUMAN BEINGS, TOO, ARE GEARED BY ENERGY!

Energy is generated from fuel within the body—fuel from food you eat. To be at top form, your body must have plenty of high-energy-value food.

FOR FOOD-ENERGY, EAT BABY RUTH!

A Curtiss Baby Ruth Candy Bar is rich in Dextrose, and other nourishing ingredients. Dextrose is primary sugar of the body—sugar the body quickly converts into food-energy. Eat Baby Ruth every day... you'll enjoy its scrumptious flavor and delectable goodness. It's a swell, inexpensive treat any time.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



"Baby Ruth
helps keep
me active
and alert...
and it tastes
so good!"

Boys and Girls, give Mamma this
New RECIPE for Cuckoo merr-
to-make with Baby Ruth!

- 1/2 cup butter, or other shortening
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 Curtiss Baby Ruth bars,
cut in small pieces

Cream butter and sugar until smooth.
Beat in egg. Stir in other ingredients.
Chill and drop by half teaspoonful on
greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moder-
ately hot oven (375° F.) for 10-12 min-
utes. Makes 75 cookies.

Send a box to the boy in camp



FOR VICTORY
BUY
WAR SAVINGS
BONDS AND
STAMPS

Rich in Dextrose
—the Sugar Your Body Uses Directly for
ENERGY

ENERGY

THAT'S READY FOR ACTION!



"Baby Ruth
helps keep
me active
and alert...
and it tastes
so good!"

Boys and Girls, give Moms this
New **RECIPE** for Cookies easy-
to-make with Baby Ruth!

1/2 cup butter, or other shortening
1/2 cup white sugar
1 egg
1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
2 Curtiss 5c Baby Ruth bars,
cut in small pieces

Cream butter and sugar until smooth.
Beat in egg. Stir in other ingredients.
Chill and drop by half teaspoonful on
greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moder-
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★ ★ ★

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